

# THE TOAST

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RANDALL TIMMONS (35), adrift in a sea of law books in his firm's LIBRARY, is not fundamentally unattractive, but every personal attribute is displayed at its least flattering. A make-over candidate, but pointless without a self-esteem transplant. Randall is lost in thought, drawing a firm, full breast on a legal pad, trying to get it just right. MARSHALL (24), weekend helper, approaches. To him, Randall's a joke.

MARSHALL

You have a phone call.

Snapping out of his fantasy fog and covering his pad.

RANDALL

I do? For me?

MARSHALL

Yes, you have a phone call. For you.

RANDALL

But, it's Saturday.

MARSHALL

They still want to talk to you.

Randall rises, follows Marshall to the phone.

RANDALL

Did they say who it is?

MARSHALL

I didn't interrogate them.

RANDALL

I'm just wondering out loud.

MARSHALL

And, I'm just answering out loud.

Randall stares at the phone, picks it up.

RANDALL

Hello... Yes... Who? Oh, Tim, yes, yes, of course. You are? Wow, good. That's great, just great. Uh, no, I haven't moved... Yeah, the mail, I guess... Yes, I'm free. I'm sure.

(immediately terrified)

Wait, what? Why? I mean, I wouldn't know what to say... okay... sure. I can whip something up... okay, bye.

Line disconnected, Randall hangs up. Struck numb.

MARSHALL  
Are you all right?

RANDALL  
I have to give a toast.

MARSHALL  
May the wind at your back never be  
your own.

Randall's not listening. Wanders off. In shock.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)  
That's a good toast, dog.

2 INT. APARTMENT -- DAY

2

MANDY (30) with fiancé TIM (34), as he hangs up the phone.

MANDY  
We'll say he's your special needs  
cousin or something.

TIM  
Can't do that.

MANDY  
Why not?

TIM  
I asked him to give a toast.

MANDY  
Over my dead bride's body.

TIM  
He was my roommate in college.

MANDY  
For one semester. You ignored him.

TIM  
His dad is a retiring federal judge.

MANDY  
Which is why he was your roommate.

TIM  
They're both joining the firm. And,  
babe... I'm up for partner...

MANDY  
(not happy, but no fool)  
He can toast during cocktails.

3 INT. LAW FIRM OFFICE -- DAY

3

Randall in his father's office at the firm. Across the desk from J. WALTER TIMMONS (58), aristocrat.

J. WALTER  
You raise your glass and... do you really not know this, Randall?

RANDALL  
What if I'm first? Do I clink the glass, or does someone else do it?

J. WALTER  
I don't know. You play it by ear. It's simply not a big deal.

RANDALL  
What would I say?

J. WALTER  
I have no idea. Something nice? Congratulatory? Suitable for the occasion? Who is this fellow?

RANDALL  
Tim Hathaway. I roomed with him at Amherst.

J. WALTER  
Really? Why don't I know him?

RANDALL  
It was only for a semester. And I never saw him.

J. WALTER  
And you're giving a toast? That's odd. Don't you think? What's he do?

RANDALL  
I looked him up. He's a lawyer at Pierce-Rabhan.

J. WALTER  
Where we're going in June.

RANDALL  
Yes.

J. WALTER  
Okay. I get it.

RANDALL  
You do?

J. WALTER  
Yes. Just say whatever you want. He  
won't care. Now, I have to get some  
work done, can't you handle this?  
It's a toast, for God's sake.

The answer is no.

RANDALL  
(gets up)  
Sure. I was just asking. Thanks.

He heads out. J. Walter shakes his head.

4 INT. RANDALL'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

4

Randall's apartment, stuffed with books, CD's and Movies.  
Computer with a huge HD monitor. A personal cave. Randall  
paces in PJ bottoms and tee shirt, holding a legal pad.

RANDALL  
To Tim and his lovely bride, What's-  
Her-Name...

Stream of consciousness.

RANDALL (CONT'D)  
Now, Tim... well... Tim's a communist  
and eats baby seals... and he's a  
certain height, and a certain weight,  
and lots of other things, too...

His phone buzzes, startling him. He grabs it.

RANDALL (CONT'D)  
Hello? Oh, thank you, you can leave  
it with the doorman.

Randall is as close to clinically socially phobic as one can  
be while still functioning in the world.

RANDALL (CONT'D)  
I'm sure it'll fit. Well, I'm busy  
so... I can mail you a tip, if...  
(disconnects)  
Well, fuck you, fuck dick!

5 INT. RANDALL'S KITCHEN -- NIGHT

5

Randall storms into his kitchen, goes to the FRIDGE, opens the FREEZER, grabs one of several large bottles of VODKA and a glass from the counter, pours a healthy amount of straight vodka into the glass and slugs it down.

6 INT. RESTAURANT ONE -- NIGHT

6

Elegant lighting, tinkling glasses and conversation. Host PHILIP smiles lightly as Randall approaches, in a tuxedo, barely breathing from fright.

PHILIP

Good evening, sir, may I help you?

RANDALL

The Hathaway dinner. I'm here for the dinner, rehearsal dinner.

PHILIP

Hathaway?

RANDALL

It's a rehearsal dinner.

PHILIP

Oh... Tim Hathaway and Samantha?

RANDALL

Yes, right. Tim and Mandy.

PHILIP

I'm sorry, sir, but the Hathaway dinner was canceled.

RANDALL

Canceled...

PHILIP

As I understand it, there was something about a baby Hathaway, not belonging to the bride. The wedding has been put on indefinite hold.

RANDALL

Oh, okay.

Randall stands, stupid.

PHILIP

I'm sure they had a lot of trouble reaching everyone last minute. Are you in from out of town?

RANDALL  
No.

PHILIP  
Oh.

RANDALL  
They probably just... forgot.

PHILIP  
This sort of thing can be very  
confusing for all involved, I'm sure.

Laughter erupts from a table at the back. Glittering people.

PHILIP (CONT'D)  
I am sorry.

RANDALL  
It's okay.

Randall turns.

PHILIP  
Excuse me, sir...

Randall stops, still dazed. And, honestly, relieved.

PHILIP (CONT'D)  
Why don't you let us buy you a drink.

RANDALL  
Oh, no, that's not....

PHILIP  
Our pleasure. It's a shame to get  
dressed up and not enjoy the evening.

Randall looks around. His option is to go home. Or, have a  
drink. A drink would be good.

RANDALL  
I guess I could have a quick drink.

PHILIP  
Terrific. Just follow me, sir.

Philip leads Randall to the bar. Behind the bar is JUDSON.  
Judson is slim, trim, well groomed... happily gay.

PHILIP (CONT'D)  
Judson, this is our guest, I'm sorry,  
sir, I didn't get your name.

RANDALL  
Randall. Randall Timmons.

PHILIP  
Randall Timmons.  
(to Randall)  
I'm Philip, and this is Judson, the  
finest mixologist in LA.

JUDSON  
Quite true, all modesty aside.

PHILIP  
Whatever Mr. Timmons wants, Judson,  
drinks, dinner, our compliments.

RANDALL  
Oh, no... that's... nice of you.

PHILIP  
Don't mention it. See, your day has  
improved already. Enjoy.

RANDALL  
Thank you.

JUDSON  
Have a seat, what can I get for you?

Randall sits, facing the dining room.

RANDALL  
A vodka? Cold?

JUDSON  
I make a spine tingling martini, 4  
oz. of shimmering glacial happiness.

RANDALL  
Okay.

JUDSON  
Excellent choice. Stood up?

RANDALL  
I guess. Sort of.

JUDSON  
Silly boy.

RANDALL  
(misses it completely)  
It was a rehearsal dinner. They called  
it off. An unauthorized baby.



JUDSON  
(shaking the drink)  
Oh, that's a shame.

RANDALL  
At least now I won't have to give  
the toast I had to write.

JUDSON  
Ah, a toast to romance, never to be  
heard. Tragic.

RANDALL  
It wasn't great. It was bad.

JUDSON  
I'm sure it was wonderful.

Judson pours, sets glass and shaker on the bar.

JUDSON (CONT'D)  
Voila, monsieur.

Randall takes a sip.

RANDALL  
That's... good, thank you.

JUDSON  
By the way, we close at one. If you're  
into it, we'll probably hit a club.

RANDALL  
A club... oh, no, thank you.

JUDSON  
No time? Or not interested?

RANDALL  
Interested... oh, I'm not... if...

JUDSON  
Well, embarrass me and make me blush.  
I don't usually do that, I'm so sorry.

RANDALL  
It's okay.

JUDSON  
It's just that Philip... I thought...  
I can tell when he stands up extra  
straight like he's not from Jersey.

RANDALL  
Oh. That's okay.

Randall sucks down the martini.

JUDSON  
(grabbing the shaker)  
Martini magnifique, oui?

RANDALL  
Oui. Yes. Is there more in there?

Judson pours the rest into Randall's glass and starts another.

7 INT. RESTAURANT ONE -- CONTINUOUS

7

Philip drops by the bar. Randall's getting wasted.

PHILIP  
And how are we doing?

RANDALL  
Fine, good, thank you.

JUDSON  
And, quite hetero, I might add, just  
for the information of Usted.

RANDALL  
Oh, that's okay...

PHILIP  
Well, good for you Randall, somebody  
has to do it. And, thanks for the  
over-obvious high sign there, Judson.

JUDSON  
No prob-lem-o.  
(to Randall)  
You ready for another?

RANDALL  
I don't know... I should...

JUDSON  
It's Friday night and you're out.  
Did you drive?

RANDALL  
No, I don't much. I took a taxi.

JUDSON  
Well, Philip is a world-class taxi  
whistler - all those lip exercises.

RANDALL  
Well... alright... one more then.

PHILIP  
Randall, the people at the back table  
would like you to join them.

RANDALL  
Who? Those people? Why?

PHILIP  
It's Stefan, the model, maybe you've  
seen him in his underwear over  
Hollywood Boulevard, and Randi Bach.

RANDALL  
Oh. Randi Bach? Really? That's her?

PHILIP  
Every lovely inch, can you join them?

RANDALL  
(truly frightened)  
Oh, God, no... I mean... no...

PHILIP  
I told them your tale of woe and  
injustice. They insist. They're  
getting married next month.

RANDALL  
No, really, thank you, but... no...  
if that's alright, to say no.

Randall is visibly upset.

JUDSON  
(expertly intervening)  
Hey, Rand-o. Try this vodka, I need  
an expert opinion.

PHILIP  
I'll tell them, no big deal. Enjoy.

Philip heads off. Randall cuts a look. They're all beautiful,  
but Randi Bach is... stunning, beyond stunning, just...

JUDSON  
They're not perfect on the inside.  
But Randi's OK, for one of those  
goddess things you men like.

Randall stares. Of course he knows her. Of course.

8 INT. RESTAURANT ONE -- CONTINUOUS

8

Philip at the back table, among dazzling teeth, skin, champagne, drinks. RANDI BACH (28), STEFAN (35) and two male "players" FRIEND ONE and FRIEND TWO. All well lubricated.

PHILIP

Sorry, but the gentleman declined.

FRIEND ONE

Well, that's darn rude.

FRIEND TWO

You tell him if he wants to sit with us later, when we're even more charming, he can fucking forget it.

A cute young WAITRESS approaches.

STEFAN

Another round, if you would, slave.

WAITRESS

Sure. A round of what?

STEFAN

Just bring one of everything, because everything is just wonderful.

9 INT. RESTAURANT ONE -- NIGHT

9

Much, much later. Randall's stewed. Speech slow and deliberate. Not slurring. If anything, more articulate than when sober. But, shit-faced. Gazing at the back table.

RANDALL

She's... amazing.

JUDSON

He's amazing.

RANDALL

What... oh, right. For you. Right.

JUDSON

She's awfully skinny. Don't you think?

RANDALL

Skinny... are you fucking... are you crazy? Not hardly. Skinny? God...

JUDSON

Have you visited her web site?

RANDALL  
Her... oh... she has a web site?

JUDSON  
(knows better)  
Well, if you look, I designed it.  
That's my day job. And some of my  
specialicious drinks are on it.

RANDALL  
Maybe I'll check 'em out.

JUDSON  
Yeah, you do that. Check 'em out.  
And, take a look at the recipes while  
you're at it. You want to meet her?

RANDALL  
(almost jumping)  
No!!!

JUDSON  
Okay, okay, keep your thong on. But,  
isn't this better than going home?

RANDALL  
I forgot where I live, actually.

JUDSON  
That was good, Randall, good one.  
You funny guy, Randall-San.

10 INT. RESTAURANT ONE -- CONTINUOUS

10

At the back table, Stefan is telling a story, obviously  
accustomed to being the center of his universe.

RANDI  
He looks so lonely, up there.

STEFAN  
The guy on the ledge? What?

RANDI  
At the bar, in the zoot suit, the  
guy who wouldn't come drink with us.

STEFAN  
That's not a zoot suit. A zoot suit...

RANDI  
You know what I mean, a tuxedo.

STEFAN  
So, it's a tuxedo. A tuxedo isn't...

RANDI  
Why didn't he come over?

FRIEND ONE  
Maybe he has no legs and he's embarrassed, he'd have to drag over.

FRIEND TWO  
Maybe there's a spike through his chest. Rip his zoot suit. Only makes sense to stay put.

RANDI  
Oh, jeezus. You three...

STEFAN  
Okay, so this guy was hanging, and...

RANDI  
(up, walking away)  
He fell next to Stefan and Stefan peed his pants.

STEFAN  
I did not, where are you going?

RANDI  
To pull his spike out.

STEFAN  
I did not pee my pants. She's insane.

FRIEND TWO  
The guy fell next to you?

STEFAN  
He almost hit me. God, it was grotesque, this old guy in a dress... retch, dude, seriously.

11 INT. RESTAURANT ONE -- NIGHT

11

Randi approaches the bar. Randall tries not to look.

RANDI  
Judson, my love, are you going to introduce me to your friend?

Randall is sitting solidly, like a drunk mountain. Fine so long as he doesn't move. Or gaze upon Randi Bach.

JUDSON

Randall, this is Randi. Randi,  
Randall. Randall came in for a  
rehearsal dinner, but...

(lying smoothly)

...he's been out of the country and  
his people didn't get the call, so...

RANDALL

No, I was here, they didn't call me.

RANDI

That sucks. Mind if I sit?

RANDALL

No... sit, fine, sure. Sit.

Judson puts a vodka/rocks in front of Randi. She tries to  
act sober, enunciating, but comes off formal/funny. Randall  
continues trying not to look at her.

RANDI

So, what do you do, Randall?

RANDALL

I... I'm an attorney. At law.

RANDI

You're a lawyer?

RANDALL

Yes. They're the same thing.

RANDI

Are they, really? So, what kind of  
attorney-lawyer at law are you?

RANDALL

I do research, mostly appellate.

RANDI

Oh, a research lawyer, what fun.

RANDALL

It's important, to the foundation of  
the case, the frame, if you will,  
upon which the case is stretched...  
if you consider the construction of  
an argument to be akin to the painting  
of... to the canvas upon which the  
painting is... painted... well,  
anyway... it's important. Nobody  
wants to prepare anymore, they just

(MORE)

RANDALL (CONT'D)  
want to walk into court, fire off a  
round and go to lunch.

RANDI  
Sounds like Stefan. That sounds cool,  
research Randall. You talk funny.

RANDALL  
Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to...  
to do anything...

RANDI  
You are a wee bit trashed.

RANDALL  
Perhaps so, that is possible. I may  
be a smidge north of trashed.

RANDI  
Why are you sitting over here?

RANDALL  
I have no where else to go. No place  
that will be any the worse should I  
not go there.

RANDI  
We invited you over.

RANDALL  
And, they didn't call me. The people.

RANDI  
You said. That's fucked up.

JUDSON  
And, he wrote a toast and everything,  
he was the roommate of the groom.

RANDI  
What ass holes. You wrote a toast?

RANDALL  
It was required tender for the blessed  
event. Now on 'hold' due to another,  
un-sanctioned, blessed event.

RANDI  
(whatever that means)  
Come give your toast. We had no toasts  
at all tonight. Yours is probably  
very good. At least the grammar, you  
have excellent grammar. Come.



RANDALL  
The names are wrong.

RANDI  
Uhhh, change the names, silly. I'll  
tell Stefan you met in the Tortugas.  
He won't admit he doesn't remember.

RANDALL  
You are a parcel trashed, yourself.

RANDI  
Is that more than a smidge? Come.  
I'm getting married. So it counts.

RANDALL  
Congratulations.

RANDI  
You don't say that to the bride.

RANDALL  
Oh, sorry...

RANDI  
You say best wishes. You haven't  
asked for an autographed photo of me  
wearing a postage stamp. Why not?

RANDALL  
I'm sorry. Do you have those?

RANDI  
You're nice, lawyer Randall.

RANDALL  
I don't know. Maybe. It's not  
impossible. Who knows. Thank you.

RANDI  
Don't sound so depressed.

RANDALL  
Okay, I won't. Sorry.

RANDI  
And, stop saying that.

RANDALL  
Saying what? Sorry.

Judson pours the remaining martini from Randall's shaker.

RANDALL (CONT'D)  
Oh, no... I can't have...

JUDSON  
Don't argue with mother nature.

RANDALL  
That makes no sense, none.

JUDSON  
You're having fun, you're talking to  
a certified sex goddess, enjoy.

RANDI  
Randall. I must go before Stefan  
forgets I'm here and eats the  
waitress. Come, sit with me.

RANDALL  
If I move, it could lead to  
inauspicious consequences, inertia  
is not to be toyed with, Spiritus  
Sanctus, E Pluribus Unum.

Randi slides off of her stool.

RANDI  
Okay, Research Randall, you stay  
here with your Pluribus Unum...

Randi gives Randall a hug and a kiss on the cheek and is  
off. Randall watches her departing ass. Philip comes over.

PHILIP  
Wow, you resisted the irresistible.  
You sure you're straight?

RANDALL  
She's... nice, really nice.

PHILIP  
Yes, she is. I hope she's happy.

RANDALL  
She looks happy.

PHILIP  
She always looks happy. That's her  
job.

12 INT. RESTAURANT ONE -- NIGHT

12

As Randi returns to the table, everyone is hammered and  
arguing about some play in some pro game.

STEFAN

Hey, wench of mine, what's with Spike?

RANDI

He's fine. Two legs. No spike.

FRIEND ONE

Did you perform a complete pat down, he could be armed, and legged.

FRIEND TWO

He is armed, you can see them from here, one on each side.

Lots of laughs.

RANDI

He's nice. Uses dictionary words.

FRIEND TWO

(to the waitress)

Darling... Jagermister shots, please, for the StyleMax bride and groom of the year, and one for yourself... and your e-mail, if you will.

STEFAN

(to Friend Two)

And you, tell them I want the fucking cover, slut, or you're fired.

Laughter all around. Randi turns on Stefan.

RANDI

I don't want to... I told you I want this private, no press...

STEFAN

It is private, babe, it's a total secret, but whoever has the exclusive will find out about it, somehow...

FRIEND ONE

Randi, with you in that dress, every man in America is going to be so fucked up he won't know what to do, whacking off to a bride in her wedding dress, how perfect is that...

Randi bolts up and heads off.

STEFAN

Where you going now, lovey?

RANDI

Bathroom.

She's gone, heads to the back, fighting tears.

FRIEND ONE

(to Friend Two)

If you get our server's e-mail...

FRIEND TWO

I'll sell it to you, after I'm done.

STEFAN

You are such an ass. So, how much?

13 INT. RESTAURANT ONE -- CONTINUOUS

13

Randall watches Randi disappear down the hallway. She looks lonely. She is so... beautiful. Erotic. A body like that, how can it be real? He's surprised by a quickly growing erection. Judson is cleaning. Randall reaches into a pocket, pulls out some index cards. His toast, neatly typed.

RANDALL

Have you a pen, knave? I am in need of a writing implement...

Waves his hand in an exaggerated flourish. Judson slides a pen across the bar to him.

JUDSON

Writing royal edicts are we, m'lord?

RANDALL

Yes, yes, indeed. Quite.

Randall turns the cards over, leans over, and slips away. He begins to write, words pouring out, scribbling, stopping, waiting for the next wave, bearing down again. Judson checks him as Randall writes on, oblivious, no longer present.

14 INT. RESTAURANT ONE -- NIGHT

14

The restaurant is empty. Randall is gone. The Randi/Stefan drunk, happy mass, heads out. Judson calls from the bar.

JUDSON

Oh, Randi... dearest one.

RANDI

Yes, my sweet?

JUDSON

You know Randall, the guy who...

RANDI  
Lawyer smidge Randall.

Judson brings out a stack of index cards.

JUDSON  
He threw these away, but I thought...

<p>FRIEND ONE Hey, are we eating? We can swing west and...</p>	<p>RANDI What are they?</p>
--	---------------------------------

JUDSON  
It's his typed-out toast, but he  
wrote something else on the back.

STEFAN  
We don't want some soggy shit from  
the garbage, Jud.

JUDSON  
It wasn't in the garbage, it... never  
mind. No big deal.

Philip appears and holds out his hand.

PHILIP  
Hold up.

Judson hands the cards to him. Philip doesn't ask, reads.

PHILIP (CONT'D)  
Skin...  
Soft, melted-butter skin  
Lit through a butterfly's wing  
Champagne-tickled, giggling skin  
Awakened, aroused, rising to the touch  
Hungry, aching  
Sweat glistened, love-moist  
Love-hot skin  
Splashed by salty drops  
From dew-wet lips  
Stroked, teased, nibbled, whimpering  
Ripe skin, Ready skin  
Entered with a whisper  
Ravaged with a roar

15 INT. TAXI -- CONTINUOUS

15

Randall bounces along in the rear of a taxi, his address  
pinned to his tuxedo jacket, head back, eyes closed.

PHILIP (V.O.)

Howling, screaming  
Fearless skin  
Boiling, flowing  
Lava skin  
Consuming my parched soul  
Returning home with its quarry  
My seed, my core, my melted heart  
Seeping quiet into the Earth

16 INT. RESTAURANT ONE -- CONTINUOUS 16

It's gotten notably warmer, at least for Randi.

PHILIP

Finished, wasted, happy skin  
Snowflakes on flushed cheeks  
Brushed with ice-cream lace  
Warm, cool, morning-song skin  
Taste me skin. Swallow me skin  
Wanting you again skin

17 INT. RANDALL'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS 17

Randall's jacket is on the floor, his address still pinned to it. He faces his computer, Randi in lingerie on the screen. His hand moves against his erection, through his trousers.

PHILIP (V.O.)

Piston pounding  
Jungle thrusting  
In again and in again

18 INT. RESTAURANT ONE -- CONTINUOUS 18

Randi watches the wet words as they spill from Philip's mouth.

PHILIP

And done again  
Died and gone to ash again  
Enough plus enough  
Too much and more  
Soft breath on love-cooled skin  
Forever and Ever  
Amen Skin

Philip stops. The room is hushed. Randi is dazed.

STEFAN

Well... that was... fucking wild...

FRIEND ONE

Uh... did I just have sex with myself?

STEFAN  
That was... wow. Huh, Randi? Baby?

RANDI  
Huh... what?

STEFAN  
Pretty wild, huh?

FRIEND TWO  
Wait, I got it, let's see... skin of  
my breakfast at Manny's... skin of  
my eggs over easy... can we eat now?

Randi is trying to match quaint Randall to what she heard.  
Philip is disgusted. The guys laugh and move out the door.

RANDI  
(to Philip)  
You okay, hon? Sorry.

PHILIP  
I should be used to it by now.

RANDI  
They're just fucked up. Let's meet  
for coffee, soon. Really. Can you?

PHILIP  
(unconvinced)  
Sure, sounds good.

RANDI  
I'm booked out next Wednesday?

PHILIP  
And you're showing up?

RANDI  
Yes, love, of course I'm showing up.

Gives him a quick kiss, another kiss blown to Judson.

RANDI (CONT'D)  
Bye, beautiful gay man.

JUDSON  
Bye, goddess person. Be safe.

A HORN BLOWS. Outside, two cars idle, Stefan standing by an  
open door, waving with obvious impatience.

19 INT. COFFEE SHOP -- DAY

19

Philip, ensconced in a booth at an "in" COFFEE SHOP as Randi approaches, in a slob outfit which only makes her sexier.

RANDI

I'm totally on time. You're early.

PHILIP

I know. What's wrong, are you ill?

She slides into the booth, across from Philip.

RANDI

Don't be mean. I can be on time once, can't I? Coffee, I need...

A waitress, KORTNE (20's) sets a Cappuccino in front of her.

RANDI (CONT'D)

Oh, how perfect.

(to Kortne)

Thank you so much.

(eyes her name tag)

Kortne. K-O-R-T-N-E, cool.

KORTNE

Thanks. Okay, I feel like an idiot, but I have to do this. If I brought over a take-out menu, would you sign it for my nephew? He has pictures of you.... well, I don't want to think about what he's doing with them, but he is quite a fan. Is that too dumb?

RANDI

Are you kidding? If they stop doing that to my picture - I'm done.

KORTNE

I don't think that's going to happen any time soon. But, thanks. He'll die. I'll be back.

RANDI

No problem.

And she's off. Randi turns back to Philip. He has Randall's index cards, slides them half way over.

PHILIP

And don't say "Oh, what's that."



RANDI

I don't know what you mean.

Randi sips her Cappuccino. Philip reaches for the cards.

RANDI (CONT'D)

Whoa. Hold it, buster.

He slides the cards back over.

PHILIP

You brought up coffee, called to remind me, and you're 5 minutes early, which is just weird, actually.

Randi picks up the cards, looks at the scribbled writing.

RANDI

He was shit faced, wasn't he. Why did you keep these?

PHILIP

Because I couldn't throw away something that beautiful.

RANDI

I couldn't remember much of it. I was a parcel trashed.

PHILIP

A parcel?

RANDI

What? That's a word, right?

PHILIP

Well, yes. It is.

RANDI

You think he wrote it for me, don't you. That's why you read it.

PHILIP

Of course. That's why you're here.

RANDI

It's so...

PHILIP

Raw? Intimate? Erotic? Hot?

RANDI

It's like having dirty sex with your biology teacher. Research Randall?

PHILIP  
Or like being hammer fucked by a  
stallion with a throbbing cock of  
gold, but that's just me.

Slides a business card across the table.

PHILIP (CONT'D)  
From Judson. Randall left it.

Randi looks at Randall's card, puts it in her bag. Kortne  
returns with the check and paper menu.

KORTNE  
Whenever you're ready. No rush.

RANDI  
Thanks.

Kortne's off as Randi digs in her bag, grabs a \$20.

RANDI (CONT'D)  
(to Philip)  
I've got it, my treat.

She slips the \$20 in the bill holder, then digs out a felt-  
tip pen, signs the menu, adds a big heart, puts the pen away.

RANDI (CONT'D)  
Should I call Research Stallion  
Randall? You think he has a throbbing  
cock of gold? Is that possible?

PHILIP  
I'm not sure the Adonis also known  
as Stefan would approve. And I have  
no idea what Randall's cock looks  
like, or if it throbs. But, his poetry  
sure does. Whew.

RANDI  
(hopping up)  
Let's go. It wouldn't be cheating.  
I'm throwing Stefan out on his glutes.

Philip hops up, follows her toward the front door.

PHILIP  
What? When? Why!?

Randi leads while some diners grab a sneak peak and the  
straight men fight to keep their mouths from dropping open.

20 EXT. COFFEE SHOP -- CONTINUOUS

20

Outside, Randi fishes out her keys as Philip waits.

RANDI

Sophie Krupp. The new Brazilian treat.  
You know Stefan had to take that  
pussy for a test drive.

PHILIP

Oh, shit. I'm so sorry.

RANDI

I wish I was. Hey, are you and Jud  
catering Kari's party?

PHILIP

The engagement party? Yes.

RANDI

Wonderful. I think it's going to be  
great globs of fun.

PHILIP

That sounds disgusting.

RANDI

You hope. Bye, my love.

Quick two-cheek kiss and Randi's off. Philip's left to shake  
his head. She never ceases to amaze and stupefy him.

21 INT. RANDI'S CONDO -- DAY

21

Randi on her sofa with her phone and Randall's cards, her  
whole world churning. Stefan comes through with gym bag,  
full of energy, and himself. Randi tucks the cards away.

STEFAN

Baby, if you miss today, you're  
working tomorrow so that's two days.

RANDI

So, I miss two days, so what?

STEFAN

That dress is a size nada. And the  
camera adds pounds, you know that.

RANDI

You called the paparazzi, not me.

STEFAN

By the way, you look very hot today. I still think you have the finest rack in the world. You're going to kill that fucking dress, baby.

RANDI

How about I just go topless? White thong and veil, what do you think?

STEFAN

Okay, fine. Pork up, but don't bitch about looking fat on the day.

And he's out. Randi grabs her phone, hits redial.

RANDI

Hi, John? Can you come now? Yes, I own it. I can show you the papers. All the locks, that's right. No, he won't be happy. I tell you what, John, if you want, call E! And tell them he's banging Sophie Krupp, Miss Teen Brazil. Yes, it's true. Move your ass, John.

Randi disconnects. She grabs Randall's cards, looks again. Talks to herself, punching another number into her phone.

RANDI (CONT'D)

You're a dweeb. I don't do dweeb. I do not... do...

Someone answers her call.

RANDI (CONT'D)

Hey, babe, it's me. I'm great. Listen, I have the most amazing idea for an engagement gift for you and Dennis. Can I invite somebody to the bash? None of your business. No, he's not coming... at least not in me. I'll tell you later, I have to run. Okay, great. See you then. Kiss kiss.

She disconnects. Returns to Randall's poem. After a moment, her free hand goes to her throat, fingers tracing lightly, then sliding down, passing between her breasts, and down.

22 INT. RANDALL'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

22

Randall's eating pasta from a bowl, watching a B&W GUNSMOKE DVD when his phone goes off. He checks the ID, "Restricted." He answers it, warily.

RANDALL

Hello?

23 EXT. NIGHTCLUB OUTSIDE -- NIGHT 23

Randi, high, outside a club with Philip, LIMO at the curb.  
On her cell phone.

RANDI

Hey, Randall? Is this Research Lawyer  
Attorney Randall?

24 INT. RANDALL'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT 24

Randall mutes the television. Freaked out. Too sober to have  
this conversation. Physically shaking.

RANDALL

This is Randall. This is me, I mean.

25 EXT. NIGHTCLUB OUTSIDE -- CONTINUOUS 25

A GUY approaches, a player. Randi puts her hand up: forget  
it. He shrugs and turns back toward the club.

RANDI

Hey, Lawyer Attorney Randall, it's  
Randi... are you there... oh, hey.  
Look, Randall, I want to ask you a  
huge, huge favor. I've got a really  
special girlfriend, and she's getting  
married, and there's this party,  
engagement party... I was wondering,  
would you write a toast like the one  
you wrote before... no, no, the one  
on the back... Judson did... oh right,  
you didn't know... stop it, it was...  
incredible, it was... it was really  
special, really. So, anyway... can  
you write one? As an engagement gift  
from me... for my friend? You'd come  
to the party, and you could give the  
toast. Your stuff is amazing... a  
little hot, my god, you're a smidge  
naughty, Lawyer Randall, but so...  
just... beautiful.

(serious, though high)

Stop it. It was, Randall, it was...  
very... well, erotic, but loving,  
you know... just, special, you know?

Philip is motioning her to finish up.

RANDI (CONT'D)

And, anyway, it would be fun to see you... Sure, I'll be there, nit wit, she's my friend and it's my gift. So... really? You would? It's my friend Kari, she's marrying Dennis Birkenstock, do you know him? Yeah, that one, of course. Oh, this will be such fun. I'll call you with details... great. So, I'll see you there. And, write something great, but not as good as mine. Oh... no, I was kidding, it's mine now, I didn't mean it was for me... Well, just own it mister, you're amazing. Okay, Ciao, love poet. Ha, bye.

Randi disconnects. She's almost giddy.

PHILIP

He's going to do it, I guess.

RANDI

That's so cool, yeah?

Philip's not happy.

RANDI (CONT'D)

What?

PHILIP

He's not a pet, you know.

RANDI

Lawyer Randall? I know that.

PHILIP

You can't bring him home, not to your zip code. They require pedigrees. Randall's a pound puppy, sweetie.

RANDI

He's cute, kind of. Goofy, rumped cute, like a Corgi.

PHILIP

My point exactly. And...

RANDI

You're the one who read the damn poem, bitch! Don't you think I could use a man with a brain for a change, instead of a wind-up fuck-toy,

(MORE)

RANDI (CONT'D)  
strutting around after he fucks me  
like he just made my life complete,  
like I can't live without his  
brainless cock?

PHILIP  
You... you can't...  
(cracking up)  
Sorry, but that's pretty funny. Oh,  
what the hell. I've known a brainless  
cock or two in my time. Enjoy.

Randi hugs him.

RANDI  
You're so good to me, you're amazing.  
So, am I totally full of shit?

PHILIP  
Not totally. You'd be brown, and  
much heavier. Shit is heavy shit.

Randi screams and laughs, grabs Philip's arm and walks them  
toward the waiting LIMO.

RANDI  
The best dogs come from the pound.  
Everybody knows that.

26 INT. RANDALL'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

26

Randall sits. Staring. Now what? He can't do this. And she  
saw the other one? He rises, on the edge of an anxiety attack.  
Goes to his kitchen, opens a bag of ruffle potato chips,  
puts several in his mouth and chews, goes to the freezer.  
Hand on the handle. Checks a clock. Midnight. Yanks the door  
open. Half the freezer is filled by frosted vodka bottles.

27 INT. HAMPTONS PARTY HOUSE -- NIGHT

27

In the midst of a bustling party of hot and tasty players  
like Randi and her ilk, models, stock brokers, fund managers,  
starlets, trust fund babies, Philip opens the door on Randall  
in a suit. A suit Randall would wear to work. Randall's feet  
cemented in place. Three or four vodkas already consumed, at  
home, for courage. But now, locked into the flight impulse.

Philip invites him in, tells him Judson's there, too - they're  
catering. Randi appears, ravishing, greets Randall with a  
happy shriek and a hug, takes his arm. Drags him in the door.  
Pulls him aside, into a conspiratorial whisper conference.

RANDI

You wore your lawyer suit, didn't you? That's a riot. Okay, Lawyer Randall, have you got my love poem?

RANDALL

Could you call me just Randall?

RANDI

Okay, Just Randall. Do you?

PHILIP

(being ignored)

Can I go cater now?

RANDI

Yes, love, you are dismissed.

PHILIP

You only took one, right?

RANDI

Yes, doctor, don't worry about me. Go sell some sausages. Oooh, well, you know what I mean.

Philip shakes his head but loves her immensely, loves seeing her happy even if it's dumb, heads off.

RANDI (CONT'D)

So, did you bring some slipping, sliding hot stuff poetry?

RANDALL

(visibly unsettled)

I... could I get a... drink, do you think? Just a quick drink?

RANDI

Ohhh, you...

She squeezes his arm, which presses her breast against it, only heightening his arousal and fright. She leads him off.

RANDI (CONT'D)

I'll get you drunk, then you'll tell me. It better not be as good as mine or I might have to spank you.

They glide through the guests as people check out the new guy, the dweeb in the drab suit with the goddess.

GUEST ONE

Okay, that's not fair.



GUEST TWO

You think? Maybe he's her accountant.

Randi pulls Randall up to the main bar, Judson in charge. Judson's already shaking a mixing shaker.

JUDSON

Buono noche, my friend, your usual?  
A pink squirrel? With shaved coconut?

RANDALL

What? Is that good? I've never had...

JUDSON

A joke, inside gay humor, sire. One shimmering glacial masterpiece coming up. I see you've overcome your dislike of goddess creatures.

RANDI

Oh, shush, stop calling me that.

JUDSON

I didn't call you that, GQ did.

RANDI

Oh, what do they know?

JUDSON

The same thing Maxim knows. Cosmo.  
Playboy. Here you go, your lordship.

Judson pours Randall's martini and sets a highball glass filed with ice and vodka on the bar for Randi.

RANDI

Thanks, Jud, my love.

JUDSON

No es nada. You two, have fun, and don't do anybody I would. They're probably gay.

Randi leads Randall off a short distance and stops.

RANDI

I have to go back to my manager and some people, we're talking some business, so have your drinkie, dear, and mingle, but please say you did write something, please....

RANDALL

I wrote... I don't know if...

RANDI

Oh, scrumptious puppies...

Randi gives Randall a quick kiss on the mouth. No big deal to her, but to him, like being hit by lightning.

RANDI (CONT'D)

I knew it. I can't wait to hear it.  
I'm thinking you should read it at  
midnight.

RANDALL

Read it? I... somebody else, should...

RANDI

I'll be back. I'm so glad you came.

Randi leaves him in her wake. Randall takes a deep swallow and then just drains his martini, heads back to the bar.

28 INT. HAMPTONS PARTY HOUSE -- NIGHT

28

The bride-to-be KARI quiets the crowd, at midnight. In among the attendees, given no special notice at this point, is publicist MAUDE KAPLAN.

KARI

Everybody, everybody... Thank you,  
shush a minute, yes, thanks, okay.  
First, thank you all for coming and  
making fools of yourselves. I was so  
counting on that.

(laughter)

But, now, there's a... we have, or I  
do, Dennis and I... our dear friend  
some of you might know as the hottest  
body in the world, Ms. Randi Bach...  
yes, yes, it's true, and it's all  
real, so she claims... but anyway,  
Randi has brought a special gift.  
She has brought her own love poet,  
Randall, who has a last name, I am  
sure, Randall, who has written a  
poem, original poem, as a gift from  
Randi to Dennis and I.

Kari looks around. No sign of Randi or Randall.

KARI (CONT'D)

As soon as Ms. Randi can find her  
love poet. Everybody grab a refill.  
No toasting empty, you rascals...

29 EXT. HAMPTONS PARTY HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

29

Outside on the patio, Randall stands, jacket open, one hand tucked into a pocket, the other holding what might be his fifth or sixth martini, since he got here. But, with Randall, the effect is transformational. As if the vodka has washed the fear away, or washed away the protective coating, to reveal him underneath. Randi rushes out from the main room.

RANDI

There you are, you... man. It's time for the toast. Hurry up.

With a studied casualness, moving slowly because he knows the dangers of quick movements when obliterated.

RANDALL

Sally forth, Sally. Clear the strasse, for I do now move, in a roughly linear fashion...

(pointing at the door)

That way, forsooth.

Randi tries to hurry him up.

RANDI

Oh, God, here comes the dictionary. Move it, mister.

RANDALL

As I am. Moving IT a/k/a ME, the organism, on the path, thence...

30 INT. HAMPTONS PARTY HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

30

As they enter, a cheer goes up and the fear pierces Randall's stupor. He stops. Randi stops, goes back for him.

RANDI

Come on.

(no response)

Randall? What? What is it?

RANDALL

I... perhaps somebody else. Do you have a poet bullpen? Is there any one here who reads?

RANDI

No. Come on. You're the love poet. I want you to read it.

(sweetly)

Okay? Will you? For me?

Randall has never been this nervous while plastered, never. But, the alcohol has him close enough to the precipice that the step off is not so far. He doesn't walk over with head held high and shoulders back. No, he stumbles over. Trips over. But, over he goes, in spite of himself.

RANDALL

I will. I will. Yes. I will. For you. And there is good news.

RANDI

What's that, you fool?

RANDALL

I wrote it, so I can read it.

RANDI

Good point. That's a great point.

RANDALL

(moving into the room)

Except I typed it. So, that really doesn't matter. Anyway. Not really.

Randi glances at her friend, shoulder shrug. Maybe this was not a good idea. Meanwhile, Randall is in his pocket, pulls out a typed sheet, fumbling to hold his martini and unfold the paper. Clears his throat, and settles. He's quiet for a long time. The crowd fidgets, low whispers.

Randall looks for Randi, finds her. Stares. She thinks to maybe stop this. But, Randall turns back and begins.

RANDALL (CONT'D)

I stand naked.  
In a waterfall of  
Sparkling, wet laughter,  
Splashed with naughty smiles.  
I am a new puppy,  
With a fresh, wet nose.

The room quiets as he reads, grows more quiet, moment by moment until, at the end, there is barely a sound.

RANDALL (CONT'D)

And I don't sit,  
And I don't stay,  
And I don't behave.  
And, yet, I am loved.  
I am wrapped in love  
I completely deserve,  
Forever and ever,  
For no reason at all.

(MORE)

RANDALL (CONT'D)

I sleep on a bed of bunnies,  
 In tossed lace and happy undies.  
 I am held in the eyes of a gypsy woman,  
 With tales of love,  
 Ten thousand years old.  
 All these things I am.  
 Since I met the Mad Man,  
 Who pierced my heart,  
 And saw me from the inside.

Silence. Some eyes are wet, others stunned. Kari squeezes Dennis' hand, then hugs Randi.

KARI

Thank you so much. My God, I've never  
 heard anything so beautiful.

The guests share a release with laughter and some applause, scattered "wows" and "that was amazing" and such.

KARI (CONT'D)

That was the best present ever.  
 (whispers to Randi)  
 I'm sorry it wasn't for you.

But it was. And Randi knows it.

RANDI

Me, too. I'm stealing Randall. He  
 hates crowds and we need to discuss  
 some of his... punctuation, tee hee.

KARI

Are you... really? Randi... girl,  
 you're high, we have to talk.

RANDI

Not now, I have a fresh, wet nose  
 and I need a naked waterfall.

Randi heads to Randall's rescue. He's lost and adrift, being congratulated and stared at. In the background, publicist Maude Kaplan, whispers to her assistant, LOREN HARPER (23).

RANDI (CONT'D)

Randall, Randall, come, my dear.  
 (taking his arm)  
 We must rest your head brain, and  
 wake up your other brain...

She offers up a small pill, which he sees and blindly takes, sticking out his tongue, chasing it with martini.

RANDI (CONT'D)  
 ...the brain with the little helmet  
 on top. I want to tell it something,  
 and it's on the tip of my tongue.

A giddy girl on a mission of erotic mischief. She's aglow.

31 INT. RANDALL'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

31

Randall wadded up in bed covers, half past dead, rolls over,  
 blinking, disoriented. Philip is sitting in a chair, reading.

PHILIP  
 How are we this morning? Love poet?

RANDALL  
 What... where, why are you...

PHILIP  
 I brought you home. Orders from the  
 boss. You tucked yourself in, or  
 fell in, actually. Don't worry. You're  
 still a gay virgin. You weren't all  
 that attractive by 4:00 this morning.

RANDALL  
 Oh, I... 4:00 o'clock?

PHILIP  
 'Ish, more or less.

RANDALL  
 I did the... did I do the toast thing  
 at midnight? Did I read it?

PHILIP  
 Yes, you did. You stunned the crowd,  
 no small feat with that crowd. And,  
 you certainly stunned the boss, again.

RANDALL  
 Why... the boss? I thought you worked  
 at the restaurant.

PHILIP  
 I own the restaurant. But, she's my  
 sister, so I help out now and then,  
 with this and that. You now fall  
 into one of those categories, though  
 I'm not sure which.

RANDALL  
 Oh... she's your sister.

PHILIP

And I have a message. She's embarrassed at how she behaved last night and she would like to have coffee sometime and apologize.

RANDALL

Apologize? For what?

PHILIP

She's my sister. There are limits.

RANDALL

Oh, that's not... what?

PHILIP

Randall...

RANDALL

Yes...

PHILIP

Randi's going through a tough time.

RANDALL

I know. I read it, the locks and all that. That's no fun, huh.

PHILIP

I don't like Stefan, but...

Randall sits up, pulling the coverlet up with him.

RANDALL

Oh... what did I... did I embarrass her? Or you? What did I...

PHILIP

I'll spare the details. But, she says she seduced you. She even paid one of my servers to read your poem while... during, yeah. All that.

RANDALL

Oh, God. She... we... that's not... possible... are you... sure?

PHILIP

Randall...

RANDALL

Yes...

PHILIP

Randi's not... the most predictable. She's really sweet, but she... she always comes back home eventually, to her... these people. I like you. I don't want you to get caught up in something that...

RANDALL

I know who I am, Philip. No need to remind me. She's upset and she got drunk. On that, I am an expert. And she did something, I guess. I don't imagine it would happen again, not when she sees me in daylight.

PHILIP

Hey, you're not an ugly guy, at all.

RANDALL

I yam what I yam, don't worry about it. I don't remember it, anyway.

PHILIP

But, man, you do write some beautiful shit. Where does it come from?

RANDALL

I don't know.

PHILIP

Honey, if you were gay, please.

RANDALL

It's just... something... I do... write... when I'm five monkeys drunk.

PHILIP

What does that mean?

RANDALL

One monkey is drunk. Five is... more than that. Real drunk. Sober, I'm Mister Rogers, rest his cardigan.

PHILIP

A cashmere turtleneck would have looked nice on him, with his frame.

Philip considers for a moment. Go there or not?

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Okay, this is hard.



RANDALL  
It's okay. I'm used to it.

PHILIP  
Not hard on you, on me. You don't remember, so I'll tell you. You received favorable reviews.

RANDALL  
Reviews?

PHILIP  
She said you were... a beast.

RANDALL  
Beast? Me?

PHILIP  
Beast as in animal. I tried to stop listening, about how you... did her... okay, I'm just saying, you received high marks for enthusiasm. Except from the Russian judge. I'm going.

Philip's up. Randall's numb struck.

RANDALL  
Okay. Well, thank you. Philip. That was really nice. Bringing me home.

PHILIP  
No problem. Maybe I'll see you again. Drop by the restaurant sometime.

RANDALL  
(rolling up)  
Yeah, okay. Well, bye.

PHILIP  
Please, stay down. There's a can of V-8 in the fridge. I recommend half and half with vodka. Then back to bed. Sleep. You'll be good by Tuesday. Next Tuesday.

And Philip's out the door.

32 INT. RANDALL'S APARTMENT -- DAY

32

Randall's at his kitchen table, the Sunday New York Times spread everywhere, listening in his phone.

33 INT. RANDI'S CONDO -- DAY 33

Randi's on her cell phone, on her sofa.

RANDI  
Philip says he took care of you. Are you alright?

34 INT. RANDALL'S APARTMENT -- DAY 34

The conversation continues, Randi by voice-over.

RANDALL  
Uh... I guess, thanks to your brother. He's nice.

RANDI (O.S.)  
Listen, Randall, I know Philip apologized for me but I wanted to tell you I'm sorry if I... well, I was really high and...

RANDALL  
It's fine. You don't have to...

RANDI (O.S.)  
I just didn't want you to be embarrassed... you know... it's okay, it's not a big deal.

RANDALL  
Speak for yourself.

RANDI (O.S.)  
Well, I should go. Randall...

RANDALL  
Don't worry, I know my place.

RANDI (O.S.)  
What's that mean? I'm just saying, you are a naughty boy, and I mean that as a compliment.

RANDALL  
I... I didn't know that.

RANDI (O.S.)  
Weird, love poet, you don't even sound like the same person.

RANDALL  
I.. I'm not, maybe.

RANDI (O.S.)

What?

RANDALL

Nothing. Your brother, Philip...

RANDI (O.S.)

Never mind Philip. He's not insulting you; he's insulting me.

RANDALL

I'm not like, I'm not whatever you... I don't even... I read a lot...

RANDI (O.S.)

So who was fucking my brains out last night? Maybe that wasn't you.

RANDALL

I don't know.

RANDI (O.S.)

So, get drunk. If you're a nerd when you're sober and a wild man when you're drunk, then stay drunk. When am I going to see you again?

RANDALL

I... you want to see me? Sober?

RANDI (O.S.)

No.

RANDALL

No?

RANDI (O.S.)

No. You're boring sober. Get drunk one night and drunk-call me. Just wait until you're a smidge trashed, or if you feel like getting north of a smidge trashed and call me, if you want to ravage me again, but not so trashed you don't remember. You'll hurt my feelings. Okay? Love poet?

RANDALL

I... oh, sure, okay.

And a click. She hung up. Randall holds his phone, numb.

35 INT. PR AGENT'S OFFICE -- DAY

35

MAUDE KAPLAN reads her screen. Her assistant, LOREN waits.

MAUDE

Randi called him the "Love Poet,"  
and they quoted her. He's a lawyer?  
I thought he was a mortician.

LOREN

He's kinda goofy cute, like that guy  
in "The Anniversary Party" who goes  
off with Gwyneth.

MAUDE

Goofy cute is for puppies. Set up  
drinks. Let's take his pulse.

LOREN

Done.

MAUDE

Not done, you're still standing there.

LOREN

Right. Doing, going to do.

Loren hurries out and Maude yells after her.

MAUDE

Get Randi on the phone. Multi-task,  
Loren, multi-task, a new concept.

36 INT. LAW FIRM LIBRARY -- DAY

36

Monday morning. Randall enters the firm library. Marshall  
looks at him like he doesn't know him. Randall looks like  
warmed over excrement.

MARSHALL

You've got messages, on your chair.

RANDALL

Who from?

MARSHALL

From the people on the messages.

Too tired to joust with Marshall, he shuffles on.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

And your dad wants to see you ASAP.

RANDALL

Oh boy.

MARSHALL

And you're in the paper.

RANDALL

Me?

MARSHALL

Why do you do that? Did you really write that raunchy poetry stuff?

Randall turns, wanders back out.

RANDALL

I'm going home sick.

MARSHALL

What? Now!? What about your dad?!

37 INT. PR AGENT'S OFFICE -- DAY

37

Loren at Maude's door.

LOREN

He went home sick.

MAUDE

Where's he live?

LOREN

Uh...

MAUDE

Does the bloodhound stop and say, "Sorry, he went home sick?"

LOREN

Woof, I'm on it.

MAUDE

On thin ice is what you're on. Go.

38 INT. RANDALL'S APARTMENT -- DAY

38

Randall answers his cell phone. His phone has never rung so much in one week.

RANDALL

Hello? No. I mean, yes, my name is Randall. Maude who? No, I don't.

(startled)

What? Why?

39 INT. RESTAURANT ONE -- CONTINUOUS

39

Randall enters Philip's restaurant. A beautiful young thing, LYSSA COLE (22) is the HOSTESS. Judson is behind the bar and gives Randall the high sign.

LYSSA

Mr. Timmons, good afternoon, your party is here, if you'll follow me.

She leads him to a table by the window, where Maude is already settled in, with a Manhattan one-quarter gone.

MAUDE

Hello, Randall, I'm Maude.

RANDALL

I'm Randall, hello.

Lyssa pulls out a chair and waits as he sits.

LYSSA

Judson has Mr. Timmons' order, Ms. Kaplan, what can I get you?

MAUDE

Well, well, aren't we special. Another Booker's Manhattan, dear, and stop looking so ravishing, it's depressing.

LYSSA

Oh, please. Now I know why you do what you do. I'll be right back.

She walks away. Maude shakes her head.

MAUDE

Where do they come from, Randall? So, you are the talk of the tabloids. "Love Poet" to the rich & famous.

RANDALL

I just... I don't know, it was just something I... wrote.

MAUDE

Do you write a lot of these things?

RANDALL

(whether true or not)

No.

MAUDE

Do you plan to write more?

RANDALL

No. Why?

Lyssa brings his drink over, a martini.

RANDALL (CONT'D)

Oh, thank you. Wow.

LYSSA

You're welcome. By the way, I loved your toast, it was... beautiful.

RANDALL

Thank you. Where did... thank you.

LYSSA

You're welcome, again...

(endearingly silly)

Let Clay know when you're ready, he'll be your server.

And off she glides.

MAUDE

Celebrity, will it ever cease to befuddle me. Now, to business. Let me tell you a little something about me. I'm in the PR business.

RANDALL

I know... you're on the Internet.

MAUDE

Damned thing. Okay, so here's the deal. I've read your toasts...

RANDALL

Toasts?

MAUDE

Yes, the Birkenstock toast, or should I call it, poem, I think they're poems... and the Randi Bach poem. It's all over your beloved Internet.

RANDALL

Both of... how did they... they are both on... I didn't realize.

MAUDE

The New Yorker has them and they're interested. But that's peanuts.

RANDALL

Interested. In what? What peanuts?

MAUDE

In publishing you. Now. This Randi Bach thing... I represent her, and this restaurant, by the way, which is why we're here. We eat free.

RANDALL

Oh. I didn't know that.

MAUDE

That's why I told you. Now, Randi is marrying Stefan the Swedish meat puppet. I have to tell you, Randi is... frisky, no, that's unfair... she's... I love her dearly, she's... in French it's "volatile" but it doesn't translate exactly. She's a handful. How's that.

RANDALL

I can see that.

MAUDE

You can. Randall...

RANDALL

Yes.

MAUDE

Do you understand how significant it is that I'm having this little talk with you about Randi Bach?

RANDALL

Not really.

MAUDE

Okay. Well, trust me. It puts you in play. Okay, forget Randi. That will fizzle on it's own but that was quite some party, huh. Was that your go-to-work suit, by the way? That you wore?

RANDALL

Yes. Why?

MAUDE

Interesting. Maybe you keep it, could work. So, you slept with Randi, yes?

RANDALL

Me? You mean... no, not at all. No.



MAUDE

She says yes. Is she just bragging?

RANDALL

Well... wait... that's a completely...  
inappropriate question.

Lyssa delivers Maude's Manhattan along with a smile.

MAUDE

It won't be the last. You know Dr.  
Sam, yes? Samantha Jelks?

RANDALL

Sure, the advice columnist, of course.

MAUDE

And radio show host, yes. She is  
also my client.

RANDALL

Oh.

MAUDE

And, she is retiring, cashing in.

RANDALL

Okay.

MAUDE

Your Randi poems hitting the Net.  
The New Yorker receiving copies.  
That was me. Call it a free sample.

RANDALL

Okay. I'm sorry, but I'm not sure...

MAUDE

How would you like to take over Sam's  
column? The radio show is trickier  
but maybe you do a book. For now,  
you do a lover's column. Randall  
Timmons, attorney and counselor at  
love, or something less cheesy. And  
very raw, fresh.

RANDALL

Me, to write a... I could never...

MAUDE

You wouldn't write the damn thing.  
We'll find someone to do that, an  
assistant for you. I have someone in

(MORE)

MAUDE (CONT'D)

mind. But, you would come up with the themes. And write your poems for certain rare occasions. Maybe we publish a small book of them, like the Prophet, Gibran. But x-rated, for modern times. Could you do that?

RANDALL

I don't know. No, I don't think.

MAUDE

Did you write those poems?

RANDALL

Yes, but... this is personal, by the way, not something I talk about.

MAUDE

This could work, but we have to move. You're hot now, but it's only Monday. How much do you make at the law thing?

RANDALL

Well, not that much, really. I do research, appellate work. Memos on points of law, briefs and such.

MAUDE

You'd do very well with your own syndicated column. Radio show? Books.

RANDALL

(lifting his glass)

Could I get one more of these, do you think, would that be alright?

MAUDE

You drink a lot, do you?

RANDALL

I don't know. More lately, maybe.

MAUDE

That's fine. So did Hemingway.

RANDALL

I'm no Hemingway...

MAUDE

You are if I say you are. So, you're a hard drinking romantic stuck in a boring job, writing soaring love

(MORE)

MAUDE (CONT'D)

sonnets in the dead of night,  
discovered in my client's restaurant,  
by my client Randi Bach who was so  
overcome by your poems that she gave  
herself to you. I like it.

RANDALL

What? I didn't say yet...

MAUDE

So, say yet.

RANDALL

Uh... I... should I do this?

MAUDE

You should do this. Tomorrow, you  
come to my office and sign. I send  
your stuff to the necessary people.  
Some papers will ban you. Great.  
That's exactly why it'll tip, in  
marketing lingo. It's "now" and that's  
why Dr. Sam needs to go sow her oats  
where they actually grow oats. And  
the hotter the better. Today, even  
nice people have sex. And women love  
being given permission to get dirty.  
The tourist who just snapped our  
photo through the window is a free-  
lance hound so you'll make the  
Wednesday gossip section and Thursday  
we announce the deal. That weekend  
we have your launch party at some  
place dripping in Ferrari's, Dr. Sam  
hands you a gold felt pen which you  
use to autograph the slope of our  
hostess' creamy breast - which will  
be mostly exposed in the dress I put  
her in. I'm assuming she'll attend,  
if she's smart, and if you want her.  
Very Hemingway, very wild. Deal?

(puts out her hand)

Randi said to say yes, if it matters.

Said the magic word, Randi. Randall, numb, shakes her hand.

RANDALL

I... yes.

MAUDE

But stay away from her, she's trouble  
and she belongs to Stefan. My client.

RANDALL  
I thought he moved out.

MAUDE  
So he'll move back in.

RANDALL  
Oh.

MAUDE  
(signals Lyssa)  
Okay, let's have a toast. But, no  
odes to the moist vagina, save those  
for the paying customers.  
(as Lyssa arrives)  
Two more, dear and please join us  
for a drink... no, stop that, just  
do it... You're here to meet people  
and advance your modeling or acting  
career, am I right?

LYSSA  
Acting, yes, that's true, I'm...

MAUDE  
So, get a drink and come meet some  
people. Don't be stupid, honey.

As Lyssa glides away on golden legs.

MAUDE (CONT'D)  
We have one drink. Then we leave.  
Just slightly drunk. Slightly naughty.  
I'll invite her to the launch party.  
Do you like her, I should ask...

RANDALL  
She... seems nice...

MAUDE  
Oh, jeezus. Randall, you are so lucky  
you met me, you cannot imagine.

Randall looks up. Lyssa is at the bar, waiting for Judson to  
mix the drinks. She flashes an electric smile. Randall needs  
an anchor to the earth.

40 EXT. CITY SIDEWALK -- DAY

40

Randall and Philip exit an OFFICE BUILDING.

PHILIP  
Well, you did it.

RANDALL

I don't know... I mean... it seems so, made up...

PHILIP

It's spin. Oral jazz. But, all Maude's doing is leveraging. Maude wouldn't be hot on you if you didn't have something. And to think, it all started with getting shit faced at my bar. I should get a cut.

RANDALL

You will. I'll tell all the lonely losers that's where lonely losers go, help you out.

PHILIP

Okay, Love Doctor, we gotta break out some credit cards and get you dressed for success.

A ringing cell phone. Randall takes it out, fumbles to open it, looks at the number - "Restricted" - answers it.

RANDALL

Hello...

41 EXT. CENTRAL PARK -- DAY

41

Randi in running gear, talks to Randall on a headset.

RANDI

Hey... Maude told me you signed.

RANDALL (O.S.)

I think so. Philip's taking me shopping. Maude gave us a list.

RANDI

Vodka and condoms. And some new underwear. No more Yogi Bear boxers. Or no underwear, that's okay, too.

RANDALL (O.S.)

Uh, okay...

RANDI

I told Maude we're dating. She says okay for now, for PR, the beauty & beast thing. She has no idea, does she beastie? She can think whatever she wants. Fuck her.

42 EXT. CITY SIDEWALK -- DAY

42

Randall is flummoxed and flustered.

RANDALL

You... But, I haven't... we haven't...

RANDI (O.S.)

Because you haven't called me.

RANDALL

I don't have your phone number.

RANDI (O.S.)

Do you want to date me or not? Jeez,  
I usually don't have to ask.

RANDALL

Why? I mean, why would you want to?

43 EXT. CENTRAL PARK -- DAY

43

Randi begins to stretch.

RANDI

Oh, shut up. So, we're an item. Yay.  
And I'm throwing you a launch party,  
well Maude is, at my favorite naughty  
club, but we're saying I'm doing it.  
Stefan will shit his huggies. So,  
come over tonight. I want to  
congratulate you. I have a present  
for you. It walks around, and talks,  
and does all sorts of fun things.

RANDALL (O.S.)

Me?

RANDI

No, your uncle Boris. Yes, you.

44 EXT. CITY SIDEWALK -- DAY

44

Randall needs to get off the phone, using any excuse he can.

RANDALL

Okay, well, okay. Philip's pacing.

RANDI (O.S.)

Show up. Eleven o'clock. My place.

RANDALL

That's pretty late.

45 EXT. CDNTRAL PARK -- DAY 45

Randi trots off, beginning her run.

RANDI

Randall, shut that dude up, whoever is on this phone call with me. Get drunk, and get your ass over here, 11 o'clock. Bye. Tell Philip hey.

She disconnects.

46 EXT. CITY SIDEWALK -- CONTINUOUS 46

A practically numb Randall puts his phone away.

RANDALL

She said hey.

PHILIP

Hey. Okay, you need a name, Randall... R... R-Mon? Maybe... Look, R-Mon, Randi's not entirely... stable.

RANDALL

She belongs to the meat puppet. Maude told me.

PHILIP

I know what she means. These people fight in unusual ways. In the media, on magazine covers. It's crazy.

RANDALL

Calling off the wedding, changing the locks. That's normal?

PHILIP

Okay, time for Philip's magic make-over. Shoes. Yes. Shoes first. Lord, dressing straight guys is so much less demanding.

47 INT. LAW FIRM OFFICE -- DAY 47

J. Walter Timmons on the phone in his office.

J. WALTER

Randall, it's dad. I got your message and I'm not clear, you're going to be writing an advice column? I'm assuming this is a part time thing? Anyway, call me asap. I'm finalizing

(MORE)

J. WALTER (CONT'D)  
 the move and I want to make sure,  
 I'm assuming you're still coming.  
 And I want to hear about this party  
 and these... what are these... poems  
 they say you wrote? And Randi Bach?  
 Is this all a... well, you know, is  
 this in any way... real? Not that I  
 would think... anyway, call me back.

48 EXT. RANDI'S CONDO -- NIGHT

48

A minute 'til 11:00, Randall stands outside Randi's door. Many sheets to the wind, he's the man on the patio at the engagement party. Blind drunk but washed by the cleansing power of frozen vodka. Randi answers the door, totally naked. Holding a tall glass filled with vodka and crushed ice in one hand, a tiny pill in the other. Smiling.

RANDI  
 Hi, baby. Are you a smidge north of  
 drunk yet?

RANDALL  
 A sizable smidge plus a smudge.

RANDI  
 Then you may enter. Come.

He moves, clump, clump. Inside.

49 INT. RANDI'S CONDO -- NIGHT

49

Randi moves to Randall, holds up the pill, which he takes on his tongue. Hands him the glass full of vodka, which he uses to slug down the pill. He can't look down, at her. Randi gives him a short but full wet kiss, pressed against him.

RANDI  
 Enter and come. In that order.

She turns and walks into the apartment.

RANDI (CONT'D)  
 You can leave the door open if you  
 really want to. Kinky.

He realizes the door is open. Closes it. Turns to see Randi grabbing a drink, raising her glass.

RANDI (CONT'D)  
 A toast. To the Love Poet.

Randall is still barely inside the door. They both drink.



RANDI (CONT'D)

Do you like your present? I couldn't wait so I unwrapped it already.

50 INT. PR AGENT'S OFFICE -- DAY

50

An externally transformed Randall sits on Maude's sofa. His hair is different. No glasses. Dressed in "not trying to be stylish," stylish mode by Philip. And seriously hung over.

MAUDE

R-Mon, huh? Alright, whatever. Randi is... I can't believe you two are... okay, well, enjoy her while you can.

MILLICENT ("MILLIE") POTTER (26) enters, in no hurry. Razor smart. Iconic. Pretty. Dresses cool but legitimately.

MAUDE (CONT'D)

There you are.

MILLIE

Very observant. Yes, I am.

MAUDE

See, Randall, smart mouth. Good brain. This is Millie, your assistant. She will write your weekly column. She claims she can write hot stuff. We'll see. She liked your poems. Calls it literary porn, right Millie?

MILLIE

Literate. Not literary.  
(staring at Randall)  
You're Randall? You don't look like the photos from the party.

MAUDE

R-Mon is his new handle.

RANDALL

I got some different clothes. And a haircut. And contacts.

MILLIE

Why?

RANDALL

I don't know.

MAUDE

Fascinating. Really. I could listen to you two geniuses all day. But, I do have some more bullshit to sling today. So, you two go... mingle. Have a coffee. Write some dirty poems.

MILLIE

You want coffee? There's a joint down the street.

RANDALL

I... I'm not feeling so great. Maybe I should go home.

MILLIE

I didn't drive all the way here for you to go fucking home. And, if you want to play R-Mon, whatever that's about, find somebody else to do this.

MAUDE

She's a real writer, Randall, and a pain the ass, but she's my brother's child, so I do what I can.

Randall gets up. With some effort. Stabilizes.

RANDALL

I'm not R-Mon. I'll go with you.

Millie stares at him for a long deciding moment. Turns and walks at a pace indicating okay. Randall follows her.

51 EXT. PR AGENT'S OFFICE -- DAY

51

Outside, Randall hurries his sunglasses on against the sunlight. Millie ponders. Considers.

MILLIE

You wrote that stuff, right?

RANDALL

I wish I hadn't.

MILLIE

Okay, that's not acceptable.

RANDALL

I... why? I thought. She said...

MILLIE

Now, it exists apart from you. So, it has rights. It's beautiful stuff. You should never speak ill of it.

RANDALL

Oh. Okay.

MILLIE

You do not compute, Randall Timmons. You are one strange dude. Okay, you don't want coffee, right?

RANDALL

I could. I don't have to.

MILLIE

There's a restaurant around the corner. They have a bar. Better?

He doesn't want to answer that.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

Hey, I'm your right hand whatever. We're going to be talking wet sex, cocks and pussies. We might as well get straight now, don't you think?

RANDALL

The restaurant is okay.

Satisfied, she starts walking. He moves to follow.

MILLIE

Aunt Maude is a raving lunatic, by the way. Just so you know.

52 INT. LAUNCH NIGHTCLUB -- NIGHT

52

Hard EDM MUSIC fills a slick, dim-lit club. In a back horseshoe of sofas and pillows, Randall and Randi sit with Philip, Maude, Judson, Lyssa and Kortne, all drinking something blue from giant martini glasses.

Millie approaches, hot in black. Black jeans, working a black fitted shirt, unbuttoned below a blue lace bra, a Walkie-Talkie in her hand. Observing. Not happy but not her place. Addresses Randall with slight sarcasm, which goes undetected.

MILLIE

Need anything? R-Mon?

RANDALL  
 (in his R-Mon persona)  
 Keep the beasts at bay.

MILLIE  
 Looks like it's too late for that.  
 Randi? Maude?

RANDI  
 No, thank you, Millie. You are hot,  
 girl. You ever thought of modelling?

MILLIE  
 Yeah, right. No.

MAUDE  
 She won't. I tried. Besides, she  
 walks like a longshoreman.

RANDI  
 She does not. Sit and drink some  
 Blue Monkey with us, Mill.

MILLIE  
 I'm working. I have ships to unload.

MAUDE  
 And a shitty attitude. Okay, time  
 for me to go. You're launched, R-  
 Mon, enjoy. And remember, cell phones  
 have cameras.

RANDALL  
 Restraint and decorum, 10-4, Lady M.

MAUDE  
 Don't you dare. Bathe yourself in  
 lovelies and take pictures. We're  
 selling sex. Have some.

RANDALL  
 Debauchery and Libido, 20-8, Lady M.  
 Is that it? Millie, what's 2 x 10-4?

Millie isn't amused. Maude gets up, pauses to speak to Lyssa.

MAUDE  
 Glad you came, dear. Don't blow it.  
 Tell your agent to call me.

LYSSA  
 I won't. Thank you so much, Maude.

MAUDE

Don't thank me. Maybe you'll turn out to be an actor who can act. Meanwhile, play an ornament. You're gorgeous. We'll see what real talent you have when it matters.

She looks to Randi.

MAUDE (CONT'D)

Randi...

Stops. What's the point.

MAUDE (CONT'D)

Never mind. R-Mon. Enjoy. Kortne, you're lovely. Millie, come help me through this crowd of hormones. Philip, Jud, see you tomorrow. Lunch with Stefan. He's pitching Sophie Krupp to me. What a fucking world.

Good-byes all around as Maude heads off with Millie.

Philip gets up, followed by Judson.

PHILIP

We're going, too. We've got to find a place without so many gorgeous women. Totally boring.

Laughs all around.

RANDALL

Ah, yes, most somnolent, brave knaves. I am amusing them only from a sense of chivalry. Be off, with our blessing. And thank you both for your service to the nation.

JUDSON

It's not a nation I want to service. See you later, R-Mon. I can't wait to read your next poem to a certain stock broker I am wooing. Your shit works on all chromosomes. Who knew!

RANDALL

Most welcome, knave. Though art a good and stoutly steed!

PHILIP

Steed?

JUDSON

It's something you ride, good enough  
for me. Shut up and hop on.

Philip and Judson laugh their way off. Randi has produced a small lacquered box, opens it and offers it up to Kortne. Kortne selects a pill, next to Randall, who takes one as well. Then to Lyssa. After a momentary hesitation, Lyssa grabs one. All down them and chase with blue monkey cocktail as Randi grabs a second pill from the box, pops it in her mouth, one for Randall, drops the case in her bag. Stands as the STAGE ignites and the EDM star duo, Karel & XoJani appear to raucous cheers and rising original EDM MUSIC.

RANDI

Oooh, let's dance. Karel & XoJani  
are on, they're insane!

LYSSA

How'd you get them to do this? That's  
so jam.

RANDI

They're super friends. Let's dance.

Kortne is up.

KORTNE

Define Dance.

Lyssa hesitates. Randall stands, teetering, stabilizing.

RANDALL

A pinch of courage, a dash of pluck,  
and the scent of the forbidden, to  
which we are drawn like a moth.

Lyssa thinks of Maude's words. Don't blow it. Takes a slug of blue monkey, feels the pill kicking in, stands. And all four, happy, high and naughty, head into the gyrating crowd.

53 EXT. LAUNCH NIGHTCLUB -- NIGHT

53

Millie outside the club, on the sidewalk with Maude.

MILLIE

He's high all the time. He can't  
function, literally, without getting  
fucked up. Randi's too much for him.  
He gets wasted just to cope.

MAUDE

A respected literary tradition.

MILLIE

Bullshit. They get fucked up together and he fucks her like the apocalypse is coming and she thinks it's love. It's a fucked up mutual fantasy. And it's toxic. She's killing him.

MAUDE

So, he'll die happy. Fucked to death. I like it. And what nerd has ever had ass like that? Tell me.

Millie looks at Maude with undisguised disgust.

MILLIE

You are one evil bitch.

MAUDE

Well, I would spin it differently. I tell you what. Ask R-Mon if he wants to quit and I'll tear up his contract. And I'll tell Playboy to nix the party and the profile.

MILLIE

They're not. They're doing it?

MAUDE

They're doing it. Congratulations.

Millie doesn't know what to say.

MAUDE (CONT'D)

Ah, Millie the poet speechless. Never thought I'd be alive for this moment.

Maude's car is pulled up by the valet service.

MAUDE (CONT'D)

You should model, by the way. You've got a great body. And the longshoreman thing could work for you.

MILLIE

It's called martial arts.

MAUDE

Right, whatever.

Maude slips into her car. Valet closes the door. Millie is left to ponder as Maude roars off.

54 INT. LAUNCH NIGHTCLUB -- CONTINUOUS

54

Inside the club, Karel & XoJani have the crowd in a jumping, wild, dance frenzy. It's dark, house lights turned down, room lit only by the K&X light show. Their music pounds the walls. Randi, Kortne, and Lyssa dance with Randall, who's doing a dance with which the world is not yet familiar. \*

A SHOT GIRL wearing light bracelets on her wrists comes by, colored shots in test tubes hanging from a tray. Hands out shots, waits while they shoot them, takes the tubes and slips away, no charge.

Randi kisses Randall. Then tugs Kortne in, who kisses him, then Lyssa, who follows suit, all reluctance gone, diving in. Then Randi kisses Kortne, grabs Lyssa, same thing. Turns Lyssa to Randall, hands on her hips, pressing her against Randall while pressing herself into Lyssa from the rear. Kortne moves in close, dancing with them. Randi speaks into Lyssa's ear, then turns her head to kiss Kortne.

Lyssa kisses Randall. Randi slides the straps of Lyssa's dress down. Kortne slips behind Randi, holds Randi's hips, pressed against Randi's ass and moving to the music with her while Randi pulls Lyssa's straps farther and farther down until her breasts are uncovered.

RANDI

(yells to Randall)

Kiss your autograph!

Randall's hand moves up to Lyssa's breast and his head down. He kisses the R-Mon scribble. While Kortne's hands are sliding Randi's dress up her legs, slipping underneath.

A fellow DANCER raises a cell phone, aims it for a photo. A hard palm strike slaps the dancer's wrist down, sending the phone flying. It's Millie. Keeping guard. As the four-way continues to heat up on the pulsating dance floor.

55 INT. RESTAURANT TWO -- DAY

55

Randall and J. Walter Timmons, meeting for a very late lunch. Randall's a mess. Wearing sunglasses. A WAITER waits.

RANDALL

Could I get a beer, whatever's cold,  
and a shot of Jameson's please?

WAITER

Yes, of course.  
(to Mr. Timmons)  
For you, sir?



J. WALTER  
Just water for now, thank you.

WAITER  
Yes, sir.

And he's off. Others in the restaurant glance over at Randall. Not because he's a mess. Because he's a celebrity. His dad takes note. This entire situation is bizarre to him.

J. WALTER  
You look a little... ragged.

RANDALL  
I was up late.

J. WALTER  
I called, several times.

RANDALL  
I was at Randi's.

J. WALTER  
This is all... this whole thing is... well, it's certainly a surprise.

RANDALL  
No kidding.

J. WALTER  
So, you and... how is, she, by the way, Randi?

RANDALL  
Amazing. How did you mean? You mean like that? The sex part?

J. WALTER  
I meant in a general sense.

The waiter delivers Randall's order.

RANDALL  
Thank you.

He drains a good third of the beer, shoots the Jameson's.

RANDALL (CONT'D)  
She's good, I guess. In a general sense. I don't know.

J. WALTER  
I need to ask. Are you coming to the firm? I assume not.

RANDALL

Should I?

His dad tries a joke.

J. WALTER

Not today, I don't think.

RANDALL

(seriously)

Okay. That's probably good.

J. WALTER

You know, I have to say...

RANDALL

Why?

J. WALTER

Why what?

RANDALL

Why do you have to say?

J. WALTER

It's a figure of speech. You're...  
this is just strange...

RANDALL

I'm embarrassing.

J. WALTER

No, No. You're... it's so odd. You,  
honestly, son, you look like shit.

Randall answers as if he hasn't said this already.

RANDALL

I was up late.

J. WALTER

But, in an odd way, I'm... proud.

RANDALL

What odd way? What's odd? It's odd?

J. WALTER

Well, you've become this, apparently,  
I won't ask if you're on something.

RANDALL

Yes. I am. Always. It's how I breathe.

J. WALTER  
Not asthma, I take it.

Randall merely stares.

J. WALTER (CONT'D)  
Okay. So, you're messed up, drinking  
and doing... whatever... but you're  
up and about, and with, or...  
involved... in a relationship with...

RANDALL  
Your dweeb son is fucking Randi Bach.

Uncomfortable but... true.

J. WALTER  
Well... yes, that appears to be the  
case. I mean come on, you must admit,  
this is quite a surprise.

RANDALL  
But a good one? Or a bad one?

J. WALTER  
On balance?

RANDALL  
Yes, balance. I like balance.

He finishes the beer in a series of gulps, holds his empty  
up to the waiter across the room, who nods.

RANDALL (CONT'D)  
I think I need to go. I'm really  
tired. I was up late.

J. WALTER  
You said that. Are you... didn't you  
just order another beer?

RANDALL  
I might have. Yes. Okay, we should  
have that.

J. WALTER  
And some food? Yes?

RANDALL  
I need to be going. I have some work.  
I have some poems to... go over.

Randall gets up from the booth and ambulates through the  
restaurant and out, as dad watches. The heads of the few

present turn to watch Randall, turn back to dad. Dad shrugs his shoulders in that "what are you gonna do" motion with a smile. He's proud. His son's become a scandalous celebrity. Unbelievable. The waiter shows with Randall's beer.

J. WALTER

I'll drink it. And bring me the club sandwich, on cracked wheat, thanks.

WAITER

Yes, sir. Right away.

J. WALTER

What are you gonna do? You know?

WAITER

Oh, I know. My girlfriend reads his column, sure gets her going. I was gonna thank him.

J. WALTER

I'll let him know. Oh, and no mayo, just some Dijon mustard. Thanks.

WAITER

Yes, sir. No problem.

And the waiter's off. J. Walter takes a slug of beer.

J. WALTER

Jeezus.

56 INT. RANDI'S CONDO -- NIGHT

56

In the kitchen, in Boy Shorts and Tee Shirt, Randi's making toast. Randall, back in R-Mon mode, Briefs and Tee Shirt, opens the freezer, grabs one of several vodka bottles, goes to the counter where he splashes some more into an existing glass with OJ, takes a deep slug, approaches Randi from behind, and reaches up, under her T-shirt to her breasts.

RANDI

Mmm. Hey Beast, you want a piece?

RANDALL

Yes, with butter, please. I want to put butter on you and eat you.

RANDI

Don't you ever get tired of it, Beast?

RANDALL

Your IT? No. Never.

Randall slides his hand down, into her shorts. She tries to butter her toast as he touches her IT.

RANDI

Oh... shit. What is it about me that you have to fuck me every five minutes? Not that I mind, it's just odd, don't you think?

Randall's involved with Randi's IT and sipping his drink.

RANDI (CONT'D)

Answer me. Why? Are you afraid I'll disappear?

RANDALL

Too much insight for mixed company.

RANDI

Answer, slave. Talk your magic.

Randall thinks, while teasing Randi's IT. Randi takes a bite of her toast, reaches back with her free hand and strokes Randall's crotch as he slides a finger into her.

RANDALL

The drumbeat of evolution, the driving force of humankind, copulation, regeneration, procreation, the scent that drives the hunter. We are animals, this is what we do. The purest, most righteous undertaking of all, making more of us, so our off-spring can continue to fuck up the world, kill the other animals and eventually ourselves, while our leaders pass resolutions in opposition, demanding that human nature and nature both leave us alone and go bother somebody else. And, besides, you are illegally erotic, majestically formed, sensually intoxicating. Yes, I could fuck you every five minutes from this moment until I died, if I could re-up my ante that fast. I would forego sleep or sustenance until I perished. And, I would have lived a full life, dying wanting nothing. Satiated. Content. Having come and come, and gone, as it were. Some worship dead guys, I worship you, and this sweet, carnal mouth with lips of warm honey, the

(MORE)

RANDALL (CONT'D)  
nexus of all human life. The cradle  
of civilization is not at the head  
of the Nile, it is here, between  
your glorious legs.

She slides her hand under his waistband and down.

RANDI  
What about my soul?

RANDALL  
If you have one, I'm sure it is also  
born of Eros. You are Eros incarnate.

RANDI  
That's what you think? I am my pussy?

RANDALL  
And I am my man-log that now grows  
in your hand.

RANDI  
That's all? Really?

RANDALL  
Not all, nay say, not all.

RANDI  
What else? More, or I'm stopping.

RANDALL  
Your goofy giggle. Your mean look  
that doesn't work. And your other  
mean look when you're really mad,  
which is quite frightening. And your  
naughty tongue, your very naughty  
tongue. Your yawn and stretch when  
you awake like a sensuous kitty.  
Your little whimpers and squeaks  
when you're cumming, your soft  
breathing when you're done. Your  
distant eyes under your ball cap at  
the diner, which scares me because  
it's a peek over the edge, into the  
depths of you. And your happy eyes  
watching a new puppy run and fall in  
a tangle of legs. But it all comes  
back to the spurting seed and the  
warm, wet earth, my eruption and  
your sweet pot of honey.

Randi strokes him harder.

RANDI

How do you do that to me with words?  
I cannot keep my pants on when you  
talk like that. Your tongue should  
be illegal, for many reasons.

Finished with her toast, Randi leans against the kitchen  
counter. Randall pulls down her boy shorts.

RANDALL

I propose a test.

RANDI

A love test?

RANDALL

No. That's a test no one can pass.  
That's like cutting your throat to  
test whether humans really need air.

RANDI

Is it? You think that?

RANDALL

I propose a test of the initial  
question, whether I ever tire of you  
or your IT, or both being one, Amen.

RANDI

Like what exactly? Ohhh, ohhh, damn.

Randall enters her, from behind.

RANDALL

I propose we commence to copulating  
posthaste and keep a tally, to see  
how long it takes for me to tire of  
your IT.

RANDI

You're serious. We commenced already,  
by the way.

RANDALL

Ah, indeed. Quite perceptive of you.

RANDI

So, we'd go as many times as we can,  
counting now, until when?

RANDALL

Until... the stroke of midnight  
Sunday, speaking of stroking. The

(MORE)

RANDALL (CONT'D)  
end of the weekend. Or, until I tire  
of your IT, if that is possible.

RANDI  
What about food?

RANDALL  
We'll order in. Have it brought up  
during designated rest periods.

RANDI  
What about supplies, we're low on  
Vodka and our little happy friends.

RANDALL  
We'll order in. Happy Chang's for  
take-out and Dr. Ted on speed dial.

RANDI  
You're insane.

RANDALL  
I have always been insane. It has  
taken you to make me enjoy it.

RANDI  
Glad to help.

RANDALL  
Mark the time and begin the tally.

RANDI  
One.

Randall beings a laughing fit, which makes continuing to  
thrust difficult, but he manages.

RANDALL  
Yes, one. Good of you to keep track.

RANDI  
Ahhh, ahhh, ohhh, jeezus. Hey, can I  
name your cock? I spend so much time  
with him. I was thinking of naming  
him, Herman, or Charley.

RANDALL  
Hmmm. Charley good. Herman not so  
good. Herman unhappy tailor in small  
shop in Bangladesh.

RANDI  
You can name mine, if you want.



RANDALL

Okay, Eustice. I name it Eustice.

RANDI

No, God, not Eustice.

(talking to it)

Poor baby, he didn't mean that.

(to Randall)

It has to be a nice name, or no name.

RANDALL

Let me think. Gladys, perhaps.

RANDI

Argghhhhhh!

RANDALL

Do you know why I can't stop having  
dirty sex with you? The truth?

Randi turns around, facing him, arms around his neck.

RANDI

I don't need the truth. It depends.

RANDALL

Because I can. It's a miracle.

RANDI

No, it's not. It's not a miracle.

RANDALL

Randall Timmons fucking Randi Bach  
is a miracle and Randall The Timid  
Timmons is reverent and respectful  
of this miracle. As his alter and  
possibly only ego, R-Mon.

RANDI

(suddenly sad, pensive)

Maybe when you figure out that it's  
not a miracle... maybe then.

RANDALL

Maybe then what?

Randi moves her hips forward, so Randall disengages, then  
turns around, puts her arms over his shoulders, kisses him,  
then helps him raise her up and re-connect them. Randall  
grabs her under her ass, turns them both and presses Randi  
against the fridge, beginning to thrust into her.

RANDI  
So, are we counting orgasms or hours  
or what? We should agree on the rules.

RANDALL  
Let's just say this is One and go  
from there. Do we have jam?

RANDI  
For me or the toast?

RANDALL  
Yes. Indeed.

57 INT. RESTAURANT THREE -- DAY

57

Maude is at an outside table at a bistro with a ravishing  
beauty, SOPHIE KRUPP (19). Maude is on her phone.

MAUDE  
Neither one of them? Jeezus, they're  
probably doing what they do, again.

She gives Sophie a what-are-you-gonna-do smile.

MAUDE (CONT'D)  
I don't know. If you've got copy to  
turn in, turn it in, Millie, what do  
you want from me? I can't control  
one of them, much less both of them.  
He probably isn't in any condition  
to read it anyway.  
(reacting)  
Well, dolly, that's the way it is.  
Just write the damn column. You can  
save Randall later.

The call's disconnected. Apparently Millie hung up. Maude  
puts on her best face, turns to Sophie.

MAUDE (CONT'D)  
Now, Sophie, my dear morsel. What do  
you do that anybody might care to  
hear about, other than play doctor  
with Stefan?

58 INT. RANDI'S CONDO -- NIGHT

58

Randi, wearing Randall's boxers, a tee shirt and necktie, is  
on her cell phone, while Randall's spilling ice in the  
kitchen, making a racket. Randi's flying. Music is loud. The  
Weather Channel is on the TV without the sound.

RANDI

We're keeping count. I told you, to see if Woodrow ever gets tired of Gladys. We gave them names. No, he named it Gladys so I named his Woodrow. Ever since last night. I don't know, but a lot. We're writing them down... when we remember...

Randall enters from the kitchen with a Big Gulp cup filled with ice and vodka. He's wearing Randi's thong, a too-small tee shirt and a pair of tennis shoes.

RANDI (CONT'D)

The beast is back, Kort, we have to get back to work. Yes, love, you're my girl, you know that. Hey! You should fuck your man and we'll race. What? That's ridiculous. Any man who doesn't want to bang your kitty and keep count isn't human, dump him. Yeah, great, he's sweet. Okay, gotta go. We have somehow switched underwear, and Woodrow is calling me. Woodrow loves me... Randall's still deciding. Ciao, ma fille bella!

She disconnects. Randall sways, offers his drink to Randi.

RANDALL

Is that the doctor? Are we un-supplied on the ramparts? Man the manholes, and the woman holes!

Randi takes the Big Gulp, takes a big gulp, hands it back.

RANDI

That was Kortne. I told her we'd have a fuck race but she won't do it. She doesn't want to freak out her new man.

RANDALL

Kortne has a very nice mouth.

RANDI

Yes, she does.

RANDALL

I fucked her on that sofa, she was naked.

RANDI

You fucked us both on this sofa. And yes, we were both naked.

RANDALL

Thank our berries we were naked. How else would we have managed?

Randi retrieves her pad with the running score.

RANDI

Did you take another pill, another blue one? You did, didn't you?

RANDALL

I've had nothing but vegetables and chocolate monkeys since dawn. I swear on the Pope's testicles... or testicle, as the case may be.

Randi tosses the list down, hops up.

RANDI

I knew it! It's my turn for head. Get your tongue ready, you tricky bastard. And decide if you love me. No fancy talk. I'll be back.

She heads off, to the bathroom.

59 EXT. RANDI'S CONDO BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS

59

Millie is outside downstairs, pacing. Checks her phone. Nothing. Clock says 3:11 A.M. She pushes Randi's apartment buzzer. Waits. Bad idea. Really bad idea. She starts to leave, when the speaker comes on. Randall's voice.

RANDALL (V.O.)

Handy dandy tool rental! Need you a tool, fool? What ho! Hello? Hellooooo!

Millie turns away and fast-walks down the sidewalk.

60 INT. RANDI'S CONDO -- CONTINUOUS

60

Randall pokes the door release button repeatedly.

61 EXT. RANDI'S CONDO BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS

61

Downstairs, the door's buzzing open but nobody's there.

62 INT. RANDI'S CONDO -- CONTINUOUS 62

Upstairs, Randall, drink in hand, opens the door and goes out into the hall, wearing a tee shirt, Randi's thong and tennis shoes. Looks around. Sees no one. Heads for the elevator, Big Gulp drink in hand.

63 INT. RANDI'S CONDO -- LATER 63

Randi comes back in to the living room, no sign of Randall.

RANDI

R-Mon! Come out. Where are you? It's your turn, don't try to trick me. Time for head! Hey! Where are you?!

64 EXT. DOWNTOWN NY STREET -- LATER 64

It's 4:00 a.m. Randall weaves along a sidewalk with his now-empty Big Gulp cup. Lost.

RANDALL

God damnit! This is not funny, condo. You come back here this instant! Fiddle-e-dee Rhett, where'd the Yankees put Tara?! Stupid fucking condo... Stupid fucking Rhett fucking Butler... dumb ass condo-minimum... stupid rebels... Scarlett....

Randall lays down on a anything flat, curls up and rests his head on his arm. As his eyes flutter closed, he's bathed in blue lights. A police car slides up. Randall rolls up.

RANDALL (CONT'D)

Ahoy, there, Captain. Thank my parsley you're here. I was mugged by a farting kangaroo. I never had a chance! Bastard hid my fucking condo-minium!

65 INT. PR AGENT'S OFFICE -- DAY 65

Maude in her office with Loren and Millie.

MAUDE

I like it. Love Doctor OD's on sex. Perfect. You're nobody until you crash, go to an undisclosed facility, all that crap. Meanwhile, we run columns from archives.

LOREN

We don't have any archives.

MAUDE

Millie, do we have any archives?

MILLIE

We could. What should they be about?

MAUDE

Just like before, but add some angst, despair, ache of love, you're the writer. Make it work and I owe you.

MILLIE

You already owe me.

MAUDE

More. Don't be smart.

(to Loren)

You. Tell the press his spokesperson will have a statement this afternoon at 4 sharp, hit the evening news.

LOREN

Who's his spokesperson?

MAUDE

You are. Make it from R-Mon, no, Randall. Make it from Randall Timmons, written from an undisclosed facility. Millie can write it. Okay, are you standing there for a reason?

LOREN

Nope. Just waiting for my feet to move. Come Millie.

And off they go.

66 INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL -- DAY

66

Randall, in hospital gown, in a small private room with J. Walter. Randall looks like hell.

RANDALL

I can't see her.

J. WALTER

Why not? Don't you think...

RANDALL

She doesn't like me like this.

J. WALTER

She's never seen you like this.

RANDALL  
Sober. She doesn't like me sober.

J. WALTER  
I'm sure that's not true.

RANDALL  
You don't either. Not really.

J. WALTER  
The booze loosens you up, that's true. But, drugs, that's not good. No. But, in a way it's helped you.

RANDALL  
Helped me.

J. WALTER  
You know, this is a very strange experience for me, a mixed bag.

RANDALL  
For you? Really? Your experience?

J. WALTER  
I never.... you have certainly surprised the hell out of me, and a lot of other people. Well, never underestimate the power of pussy. It's launched ships, created some of the world's great art, and killed untold thousands. And now it's launched "The Love Doctor." Amazing.

RANDALL  
Thank you for bailing me out of jail, bringing me here. It's nice. Quiet.

J. WALTER  
Oh, hell, what are dad's for?

RANDALL  
I don't know. I never knew.

J. WALTER  
This was just a bump in the road. It happens. We're human. Human's are a species, we're animals in many ways.

RANDALL  
No shit...

J. WALTER

We try to procreate with the finest female we can drag into the cave. We kill each other to get her. We've cleaned up our act, but it's still the same. Hell, you've been banging one of the finest creatures on earth. I'll tell you this, I've become very popular at the club. You're the hero of every straight man in America, a diminishing but hearty breed.

Randall rises. Shuffles toward the door.

RANDALL

I need you to go now. Goodbye.

Randall goes to the door, opens it, and exits.

J. WALTER

Randall... son... you can't...

Randall's gone. J. Walter rises, follows him.

J. WALTER (CONT'D)

You're staying here, not me. Randall?

67 INT. RANDI'S CONDO -- DAY

67

Randi on her cell.

RANDI

How is that? How is it better if I don't talk to him? You don't know... I'm not? What does that mean, I'm not on his list? Who puts me on his list... Oh. He probably just forgot. You know how he gets...

She listens, not getting anywhere.

RANDI (CONT'D)

Well, tell him I have to go to Germany for a shoot, I'll be back. Just tell him, please? Will you? You'll see? Yeah, well, I'll see. You people are fucked up, seriously...

The line is dead. They hung up on her.

68 INT. PR AGENT'S OFFICE -- DAY

68

Stefan is in with Maude.



MAUDE

Have you really been good?

STEFAN

Of course not, but I've been more careful. I'm a changed man.

MAUDE

I thought it would fizzle faster. You want her back, of course.

STEFAN

Of course, we're great together. She knows. She's just a stubborn bitch.

MAUDE

She'll have drinks with your manager, she likes him. Get me some dates.

STEFAN

Perfect. Thanks gorgeous.

MAUDE

Right. I'm gorgeous. Randall's coming out and I have to figure out how to work this, and get him a new playmate, unless you bomb with Randi, of course.

STEFAN

Mortals bomb. I don't bomb.

MAUDE

Tell that to Sophie Krupp. Are you kidding? You lost a hard-on with her in Venice, for crissake? Even I could get it up for her, and I don't have a dick, rumors to the contrary. Thank God and Maude that she's not talking. And, quit trying to do Millie, she's Randall's only human link. And she's staff. Off limits.

Stefan stops at the door, smiling, salutes.

STEFAN

Yes, Boss, but I have no idea what you're talking about. I'm innocent.

And he's out.

MAUDE

Like a viper. But you are a beautiful man, jeezus.

69 INT. LA BAR/RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

69

Randi, late night, in an almost empty Los Angeles bar/restaurant with Stefan's manager, BARRY SHORT (50's). He's working a high-end Bourbon, Randi a Vodka rocks.

BARRY

It's just hard for people who aren't in this life to really get it.

RANDI

Maybe it's us, not them.

BARRY

Hey, I didn't say it was right, just the way it is. He seemed cool.

RANDI

He was a lovable, or is... sorry, a lovable... pound puppy, or whatever.

BARRY

I wouldn't have thought of it that way, but you're right. They're cute, but they just aren't pure-breeds.

RANDI

Like Stefan is?

BARRY

I told you I wouldn't bring him up.

RANDI

We both know better, Barry.

BARRY

He missed you like crazy.

RANDI

Right.

BARRY

He did. Does. He almost became a monk over it.

RANDI

Pietra Scholl, Ingrid Tolson...

BARRY

I said almost. He's a man, but he's been really affected by this.

Their waiter, JEFF, brings two fresh drinks.

JEFF  
Compliments of the bar.

RANDI  
Again?

Drops them with a smile and he's off.

RANDI (CONT'D)  
You're getting me drunk, Mr. Short.

BARRY  
I'm getting myself drunk, you're on  
your own, girl.

RANDI  
I do miss you, you rascal.

BARRY  
Same, here. So, what are you going  
to do when he gets out?

RANDI  
Nothing. He hasn't wanted anything  
to do with me and the picture Millie  
took - he looked awful. Pale. Sad.  
He's pissed me off so I don't know.

A big swallow, then another, half the glass gone.

BARRY  
So, I'm just asking, does that mean  
you're single again?

RANDI  
What's single?

BARRY  
Not attached. How's that driver  
working out for you, by the way?

RANDI  
Jeezus fucking Christ!! Does everybody  
in this town know who I fuck?

Barry signals to the bar.

BARRY  
When they brag to everybody in town  
about it, yeah. I'm assuming that's  
just a... recreational thing?

RANDI  
Barry, what? What do you want?

BARRY

Want? Nothing. I don't judge; you know that. Same rules for boys and girls, I believe that. You want some, get some, your business. I'm just telling you what's out there. I have no doubt you give great head on the way to the airport, but I don't think you want that information coming from that particular source.

RANDI

I have done some stupid shit in my time, Barry, some really stupid shit. And that one isn't true, by the way, not that anybody cares.

Waiter drops two shots of Brandy along with the check.

RANDI (CONT'D)

You... okay, that's it, and then you are driving me home, you prick.

BARRY

(checks the check)

A dollar, Jeff? That's outrageous.

JEFF

Yeah, the prices here are pretty high. Sorry. Uh, Ms. Bach, the bartender was wondering if...

RANDI

I'm not in the market, thanks.

JEFF

Autograph??

RANDI

Oh, jeezus, of course. Sorry.

The waiter hands her two menus, obviously one for him, and she signs both with a big heart, hands them back.

JEFF

Thanks, sorry to bother you.

RANDI

No bother, you guys are nice.

JEFF

You, too. Thanks. And Thanks, Mr. Short, we'll see you again soon.

BARRY  
Sure thing. Good-night.

Barry slips a \$100 bill into the check presentation sleeve.

70 INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL -- NIGHT 70

Randall sits in his room, on a chair, staring into space.

RANDALL  
I just wanted to say... just... as  
me... Randall... I wanted to say...  
I wanted to tell you that...

It's so hard, to say anything that he really means, without  
his vodka anesthesia.

71 EXT. LA BAR/RESTAURANT -- NIGHT 71

It's late when Randi and Barry exit, closing the joint.

RANDI  
Are you okay to drive?

BARRY  
I'm excellent to drive. My car has  
an inflatable chauffeur.

RANDI  
We can call a car, Barry, really...

72 EXT. LA RESTAURANT PARKING LOT -- CONTINUOUS 72

As they approach Barry's car, the door of a Porsche parked  
nearby swings open and Stefan steps out.

RANDI  
(to Barry)  
You fucker, you totally set me up...

BARRY  
Hey, hey, just listen...

RANDI  
You... I can't believe you...

BARRY  
Listen, listen, here's the deal.  
He's not going to speak unless you  
want him to. Nod, Stefan.

Stefan nods. He's being quiet, and gorgeous.

BARRY (CONT'D)

See? That's it. If you were, you know, all in love or whatever, I'd have text'd him and he wouldn't even be out here. I just thought you two should talk, that's all. Just talk.

RANDI

Just talk? Since when have we ever "just talked?" He doesn't talk.

BARRY

Well, maybe he's changed.

RANDI

Right. Yeah. I'm sure.

Stefan waits. He knows how volatile she is, but also how hot she gets after a few drinks, especially with him.

BARRY

I'll run you home, no harm, no foul.

RANDI

Shit. God damnit, Barry...

BARRY

I mean it. My word, either way.

RANDI

(to Stefan)

You. Have you changed?

STEFAN

(shrugging)

Probably not.

RANDI

God damnit, I can't believe this.

A standoff. Finally, Randi sputters something unintelligible and moves around to the passenger side of the Porsche.

RANDI (CONT'D)

Well, open the door, fool. I'm not going to stand out here all night.

Stefan hits his door release. Randi yanks the door open, gets in and slams it. Stefan smiles a small smile at Barry.

STEFAN

Owe you.

BARRY

Good luck.

Barry opens his door and gets in, starts up and pulls off. He looks in the rear view mirror. Stefan's car is still.

73 INT. STEFAN'S PORSCHE -- CONTINUOUS

73

Randi's fuming. Music is playing, electronic, heavy beats, EDM. They sit in silence, Stefan cutting his eyes to Randi's body, that he knows so well. And wants.

RANDI

You are a sneaky bastard.

STEFAN

Or just plain bastard.

RANDI

Good point.

STEFAN

And you're a crazy bitch.

RANDI

Or, just plain bitch.

STEFAN

No, you're definitely crazy.

She looks over at him. Trying not to let him get to her, or admit that he's already gotten to her.

RANDI

What is this, more Dutch disco trash?

STEFAN

Norwegian, a dude writes it with his sister, pretty hot, yeah?

Randi glances over, sees his bulge.

RANDI

Oh, great. Just great.

STEFAN

I miss you.

RANDI

Apparently.

Cautious not to spook her, he reaches over, slides the back of his hand along her cheek, then her mouth. As Randi closes her eyes, he slides a finger along, parting her lips. With

his other hand, he gently slides the hem of her dress up, slipping his hand between her legs and, when she clamps down, waits, not sure what to do. It's either go for it or retreat. He shoves his hand up, hard.

RANDI (CONT'D)  
 (eyes still closed)  
 Damn you.

STEFAN  
 You want me to stop?

RANDI  
 Damn you.

All the answer he needs. He uses his free hand to push a button, slowly reclining Randi's seat.

74 INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL -- DAY

74

Millie waits in Randall's room. The bathroom door is closed. The SOUND of a flush, running water. The door opens. Randall enters, embarrassed, shaky.

MILLIE  
 Too much Cuervo at the going home party?

RANDALL  
 I'm okay.

Randall's bag is packed, on the bed. He's weak.

MILLIE  
 You sure you're ready to leave?

RANDALL  
 I have to. I'm all better.

He sits on the bed.

MILLIE  
 Do you want me to call somebody?

RANDALL  
 Yes. Tell them I said uncle. I give.

MILLIE  
 No, you don't. You're tough.

RANDALL  
 You're tough.



MILLIE

That's an act. I'm a twinkie, all marshmallow on the inside.

Randall sits up. Takes a breath.

RANDALL

I need to practice something from group, can I practice on you?

MILLIE

That's extra.

RANDALL

I won't, then, if you don't want.

MILLIE

Okay, I'll bite. Twenty bucks. But, I don't swallow.

RANDALL

I'm going to tell you something, sober. Something I really mean.

MILLIE

Okay.

RANDALL

I know you're smart. Past smart.

MILLIE

You tell me that all the time.

RANDALL

That's not it.

MILLIE

Okay. Let me know when it counts.

RANDALL

You are smart... AND you are brave and beautiful and whoever is doing you, that rocker fellow I guess, is a very lucky... son of a gun.

MILLIE

Bitch.

RANDALL

No, you're not, not at...

MILLIE

Son of a bitch. Son of a gun is so gay, really.

RANDALL  
That's avoidance. That's what they  
would tell you in group.

MILLIE  
Okay, I wasn't ready. Sorry.

Randall gets up, smooths the bed.

RANDALL  
We can go now. I just needed to  
practice. Saying things.

MILLIE  
Are they supposed to be true?

RANDALL  
Duh, if not, what would be the point?

He gets up from the bed, tests his balance.

MILLIE  
You are so odd.

RANDALL  
Sober. But at least I know what day  
it is... Tuesday.

MILLIE  
It's Wednesday. Here.

She's pulls a folded newspaper section from a pocket.

RANDALL  
We get the paper in here. And cable.

MILLIE  
Not the *Canyon News*.

RANDALL  
What *Canyon*? Do we have canyons?

MILLIE  
No, but California does.

He scans the page. There's a photo of Randi, in sunglasses  
and ball cap, exiting a condo with Stefan. The caption:

**"Randi Does Ex While R-Mon Does 90... in ReHab"**

He hands it back to her.

RANDALL  
Thank you. I would have missed that.

MILLIE  
You know Maude called them.

RANDALL  
She was borrowing a cup of sugar?

MILLIE  
Probably not.

RANDALL  
Scandal is good for business.

MILLIE  
Yah, it is. You okay?

RANDALL  
What does that feel like?

He lifts his bag from the bed. Millie moves to help him but he glares her off and walks, unsteadily, to the door.

75 INT. PR AGENT'S OFFICE -- DAY

75

Randall walks into Maude's office. She's on the phone, waves him in. He doesn't move. She finally hangs up.

MAUDE  
I was on hold. Welcome back, R-Mon,  
welcome back. You look great.

Maude comes around her desk. Randall is shaking, with sober fear, on top of anger. Says nothing, merely steps forward and punches Maude in the mouth. She goes down, screaming bloody murder. Randall leaves, as Loren rushes in.

LOREN  
My God, what... are you alright?

MAUDE  
Call the police.

LOREN  
The police, are you sure?

MAUDE  
What did I just say. I'll drop the  
charges later. Have him arrested.

LOREN  
You want them to arrest Randall?

MAUDE  
What about that did you not  
understand? Yes, this is good.

LOREN  
I'll call, you're okay, you're sure?

MAUDE  
Bring the digital, get some shots.

LOREN  
Which first, call or photos?

MAUDE  
Good God, can't you figure anything  
out on your own? Move your ass.

Loren looks down at Maude, does a quick turn and exits. Maude  
hears the front door slam.

MAUDE (CONT'D)  
Loren? Loren! Where the hell are you  
going, you nit wit?! God damnit!

Maude feels her bloody mouth. She has a tooth loose.

76 INT. RANDALL'S APARTMENT -- DAY

76

Randall, Band-Aids on two fingers, vacant eyes, standing in  
his kitchen. Sober. His cell phone goes off. He answers it.

RANDALL  
Hey, yes, okay, I'm coming out.

77 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL -- DAY

77

Randall in the back seat of a Town Car with Millie, stopped  
in front of a high school. Philip in front with the driver,  
GEORGE. Randall is shaking, with fear or withdrawal.

PHILIP  
You're sure you want to do this?

RANDALL  
Go back to high school to lord it  
over the peasants? Of course.

MILLIE  
You're okay, right?

RANDALL  
I am fine, Millie. You look beautiful  
today, by the way. And smart.

MILLIE  
(doesn't like it)  
Stop practicing on me, please.

RANDALL  
You look beautiful today, George.

GEORGE  
Thanks, Randall.

Randall opens his door and gets out. Shaky. A look between Philip and Millie. They open their doors to follow him.

78 INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

78

Randall stands frozen in the quiet hallway of the high school.

PHILIP  
Why don't we go back to the car.

MILLIE  
Good idea. You don't need this.

RANDALL  
I have to. I just... Go, tell Ms. Rodriguez I'll be right back. I was never late to class. Once won't hurt.

He turns and quick steps for the exit. Philip looks to Millie.

MILLIE  
I work for him. I do what he says.

PHILIP  
No matter what?

MILLIE  
You don't. You could leave.

PHILIP  
I'm his friend.

79 EXT. LIQUOR STORE -- DAY

79

Randall's Town Car pulls up to a liquor store, George driving.

RANDALL  
The doctor in? I need a little boost.

GEORGE  
How little?

RANDALL  
Not very little. Bigger than little.

GEORGE  
You sure?

RANDALL  
You ever been a boring shit, George?

GEORGE  
Uh... no. Well, I don't know.

RANDALL  
I don't recommend it.

Randall gets out. George retrieves a pill box.

80 INT. HIGH SCHOOL ENGLISH CLASS -- DAY 80

Philip and Millie stand with MS. RODRIGUEZ, Randall's former teacher. Boys in the class check Millie out as they wait.

MILLIE  
He's just not feeling well, but he really wants to do this.

PHILIP  
He says he was never late to class.

MS. RODRIGUEZ  
Well, that's true. He was a model student. I'm sorry he's ill. We'll wait. Perhaps you can tell us a bit about his upcoming book.

MILLIE  
"Overruled -- How My Father Found Me Irrelevant And Immaterial."

MS. RODRIGUEZ  
Yes. Terrific title, though I doubt Judge Timmons would agree.

81 INT. TOWN CAR -- CONTINUOUS 81

In the back of the Town Car, Randall fills a new THERMOS with OJ and VODKA. George passes him a pill, which he pops and chases with straight vodka from the bottle, then continues using it to fill his new thermos.

82 INT. HIGH SCHOOL ENGLISH CLASS -- DAY 82

Randall, in sunglasses, stands in front of the class. Feeling better, smoothed out. Philip and Millie stand in the back.

MS. RODRIGUEZ  
We will now have a few words from Randall Timmons, the author, the "love doctor" as he is also known,  
(MORE)

MS. RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)  
 and my former student, who sat where  
 you do today. Of course, Randall  
 knows that market power is not  
 necessarily proof of merit. Merit  
 is, as always, in the quality of the  
 work, regardless of public appeal.  
 But, we are always happy to have  
 successful friends. Perhaps Randall  
 will take us all out for pizza.

The class cheers.

RANDALL  
 Vannelli's on me. Let's go.

Another round of cheers. Ms. Rodriguez holds up her hand.

MS. RODRIGUEZ  
 Only joking Randall. And why don't  
 you take off your glasses so we can  
 see what a handsome man you've become.

RANDALL  
 I have an eye condition, an infection,  
 I'm a little sensitive to light.

Millie shakes her head slightly. No, he doesn't.

MS. RODRIGUEZ  
 Oh, I didn't know. Well then, the  
 floor is yours.

RANDALL  
 Thank you, Ms. Rodriguez. Thanks for  
 everything, the dirty jokes, the sex  
 after class, really, all of that...  
 kidding, just kidding... okay... Hi,  
 G's and B's, it's a pleasure to be  
 back in high school, it's great,  
 right, don't you love it?

Mixed sounds from the audience.

RANDALL (CONT'D)  
 Okay, well, don't you love a speaker  
 so you don't have regular class?

Cheers, dying quickly on a look from Ms. Rodriguez.

RANDALL (CONT'D)  
 All right, let me get my speech.  
 (MORE)

RANDALL (CONT'D)

(pulling paper out)

Good afternoon, future laureates,  
poets and poetesses, weavers of tales,  
ye who wipe the mist from the glass  
so that we might better see ourselves.

Randall stops, looks up at the class, then:

RANDALL (CONT'D)

Wow, this is good shit...

(putting it away)

...but I didn't write it, one of my  
staff, my able staff... one should  
always have an able staff, if you  
know what I mean... anyway, let's  
see, what do I tell you... Randall  
Timmons, over-ruled, irrelevant and  
immaterial. Now Millie, my assistant  
and ghost writer back there, the  
tasty one, she would differ... She  
believes I am relevant, as does my  
good friend Philip, standing next to  
Millie the Morsel... in fact, we are  
appealing my life, to have the whole  
thing thrown out, to get a new trial,  
as it were... very English "as it  
were" -- love that.

MS. RODRIGUEZ

Randall, are you...

RANDALL

R-Mon. I'm fine. Okay, my life as a  
writer. Maybe I am a writer. I write  
and people buy. So, I say, "I'm a  
writer, and you? What do you do?"  
But, you know what? I could care  
less what you do. I could care less  
whether you write a book, or go to  
Wall Street, fix cars, become a brain  
surgeon, or, actually, whether or  
not you pass English. You can if you  
want, that's cool, but you know,  
that's up to you.

(suddenly emotional)

What you better do is take care of  
your self, your humanity, your soul  
if you like. You know, I always  
thought that, if I could come back  
here, to Ms. Rodriguez' class and  
tell her that I'd been successful,  
that I'd been an A student at

(MORE)



RANDALL (CONT'D)  
 something out there, that I'd make  
 her proud of me, and that would make  
 me the happiest person in the world.  
 Well, here I am and I'm successful.  
 I just got an advance on a book that  
 I haven't even written.

Randall's attention is drawn to a smokey-eyed H.S. Girl in  
 front. Drawn to her disinterested gaze, and to her beautiful  
 cleavage, full, firm breasts, openly, indifferently exposed.  
 He glances in her direction, eyes sliding down into her shirt.  
 She sees, doesn't flinch. Let's him look.

RANDALL (CONT'D)  
 But, I'm also a druggie and an  
 alcoholic, I'm not sure in what order --  
 or is it "which order" -- I don't  
 know. My friend, Philip... Philip is  
 the brother of my ex, my ex who left  
 me, who had a fling with her ex  
 because she missed his noble staff.  
 Anyway, I know the guys in here know  
 the lovely Randi Bach and have looked  
 at her on the Internet, and I know  
 what you were doing. I don't blame  
 you, she's beautiful, a delicious,  
 world class piece. I whacked off to  
 her picture before I met her, too,  
 so don't feel bad. I thought that's  
 what I wanted, see, I thought that  
 was what I needed, after an over-  
 ruled, emotional smack-down childhood,  
 some super-model validation. Somebody  
 to tell me that I was OK. A pat on  
 the head from Ms. Rodriguez and a  
 blow job from a super-model...

Ms. Rodriguez moves toward the podium.

MS. RODRIGUEZ  
 Mr. Timmons, I'm afraid this is...

RANDALL  
 It's R-Mon...

MS. RODRIGUEZ  
 I have to ask you to...

RANDALL  
 I'm making a point here...

MS. RODRIGUEZ  
 This is completely...

RANDALL  
 (snapping)  
 Give me one god damned minute...

Randall's near-scream stops her. Philip heads toward the front, as Randall continues.

RANDALL (CONT'D)  
 Well, I didn't need that, and neither do you. You do the best you can in this class, and in whatever else you do, but because you want to. Do it for yourself because you have a right to decide who and what you want to be, because you are special, each of you, and you deserve to be happy. And, if you want to be the best lion tamer in the world, fuck anybody who tells you not to. You go find some lions and start taming them. Okay, rock on. Thank you for listening to this shit. Because it's all shit, too, HA. Gotcha. Good luck. I'm out.

He heads for the door. Ms. Rodriguez is red, unable to move or speak. Millie nods to Philip, goes to catch Randall.

83 INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

83

Randall's fast-pacing the hall as Millie catches up to him.

RANDALL  
 Oh, Millie, Thoroughly Mountable Millie, would you fuck for money, Mountable Millie? Ever?

MILLIE  
 How much money?

RANDALL  
 Twenty bucks, plus tip.

He moves in, close.

RANDALL (CONT'D)  
 I would hold your ankles in the air and piston fuck you. I would film us and beat off to the video. You are a sleek, slick, sex machine, a screaming Ferrari of fornication.

He backs her up against a locker.

MILLIE

I guess you found some medicine.

RANDALL

But, always so professional, so cool,  
but you've showed me your tits, you  
know you have, and let your skirt  
ride up, pretending you didn't know  
I was watching it, slide... up...

He reaches down and begins to slide her skirt up.

RANDALL (CONT'D)

We could sneak off behind the  
cafeteria. I would fuck you so hard  
they would find your tonsils in China.  
Do you want to fuck behind my old  
High School, how cool would that be?

How much does she tolerate from R-Mon, to save Randall? If  
even possible. His hand is moving higher, along her leg,  
raising her skirt when Philip appears, coming down the hall.

PHILIP

(calling out)

What the hell are you doing? Hey!

Before R-Mon backs away, he slips his hand up the back of  
Millie's leg, under her butt, then quickly out.

RANDALL

I was showing Millie what I wanted  
to do to Ms. Rodriguez.

Millie can't help it, she laughs.

PHILIP

Jeezus. Millie, you can't encourage  
him with this stuff.

MILLIE

You think I encouraged him? Since  
when does he need encouragement?

RANDALL

And now I have a fully encouraged  
erection going to waste. No fair.

Philip is no prude, and Randall is truly infectious.

PHILIP

Well, don't look at me.

MILLIE  
Or me. Sorry, the mood's broken.

RANDALL  
I wager that your nipples are hard.

MILLIE  
That's okay. I'm good.

Millie heads off, back toward the classroom.

PHILIP  
Where are you going?

MILLIE  
I left my folder. Poem drafts.

She's off.

RANDALL  
Why do I have an assistant with an  
ass like that? Who's idea was that?

PHILIP  
Maude.

RANDALL  
Of course. She made me, you know?  
The Love Doctor. That's all Maude.

PHILIP  
Not all.

RANDALL  
I wonder if she'll go to hell for  
that. Let's go. Chilly Millie can  
find us, the frigid wench genius.

They head off. Randall is seriously fucked up.

RANDALL (CONT'D)  
I was so close to tapping that.

84 INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

84

Millie, breathing deeply, calming herself, at the classroom  
door, looks down. Her nipples are definitely hard.

MILLIE  
Shit.

She fluffs her shirt to hide them, and grabs the door knob.

Randall is in the back of the car when Millie opens the door and gets in with her folder. As she sits, Randall watches her skirt ride up. He smiles. She leaves it. Fuck him.

MILLIE

You have fans. The girl you were panting over. She gave me her number, which I'm hoping you don't want. A guy with the world's greatest Randi nudes collection, so he claims. And another guy you totally terrorized, an unhappy virgin who wants advice on becoming a happy un-virgin. You went off, R-Mon, they love you... Ms. Rodriguez, not so much.

RANDALL

Good work, munchkin, put yourself down for an hour of head, with jam.

MILLIE

Cheap bastard.

RANDALL

You have digits from my fans? The young slice included?

MILLIE

Digits and e-mails. Which are probably illegal for you to possess.

RANDALL

Two hours, tonguing your ass included.

PHILIP

Alright, enough detail, thanks.

RANDALL

Why are we sitting? Onward, George, Donner and Blitzen. Up and away!

George puts it in gear and pulls out.

PHILIP

Look, R-Mon, you just got out so take it easy, okay. We need to get you back on track with the column, Millie's been covering, but...

RANDALL

I am done with that piddle. Munchable Millie may keep it, I'm going on sabbatical. I will eat you before I go, Munchkin, but we'll have to hurry.

MILLIE

Where are you going?

RANDALL

Excellent question. I'll have my people get back to you.

MILLIE

I am your people, fool.

PHILIP

You just quit?

RANDALL

I just just quit, yes.

MILLIE

I don't blame you. Fuck it.

RANDALL

Neither do I, for a change. Come here, Mountable Millie, I need to talk to you in confidante delicto.

She knows he's on something and unpredictable, except in one area. Randall loops his arm around her neck, reclining with her into the corner of the back seat. Her little skirt rides even higher. She looks at it.

RANDALL (CONT'D)

Ahhh, anti-gravity cloth, my favorite.

MILLIE

Do you ever think about consequences?

RANDALL

Great game, truth or consequences. I will now pose a series of questions.

He pulls her head to him and whispers in her ear. She smacks him, hand to his chest. He speaks to the guys in front.

RANDALL (CONT'D)

Panel, is that a satisfactory answer? No, I think not. We must impose a one button penalty. Sorry, Sally.

He reaches for Millie's shirt button, she starts to smack him again but he grabs her wrist in mid-air, stopping her.

RANDALL (CONT'D)

Assaulting the judge, you are just piling up the penalties here, Sally, you'll be lucky to keep your hat on.

MILLIE

Randall, this isn't... come on, stop.

He whispers in her ear again, quiet. She looks at him. She cuts a look to Philip. Philip just turns back to the front. Randall slides his palm lightly over one of her breasts, across an erect nipple, sending tingles through her.

RANDALL

I knew it. Awake and alert.

MILLIE

Randall. Damn it. You're crazy.

Randall reaches down, between her legs and up.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

Would you do this, if you were straight? Would you?

He touches her through her thong. She gasps, checks Philip, no reaction. Still facing the front.

RANDALL

Your tonsils ever been to China?

MILLIE

Truth and Consequences. If you don't stop, I will never speak to you again.

RANDALL

Can I fuck you? Finally? My love?

MILLIE

No.

(to the driver)

George, can you drop me at my place?

GEORGE

Sure. No problem.

Undeterred, Randall increases his pace between her legs. Millie bites her lip, looks ahead. Trying not to cry.

RANDALL

I'll make you cum anyway.

MILLIE  
That's possible.

RANDALL  
You will like it.

MILLIE  
I usually do.

RANDALL  
But, I can't fuck you?

MILLIE  
No. You can't.

RANDALL  
I don't like this game.

MILLIE  
You love this game.

RANDALL  
Do you love me?

MILLIE  
What?

He's rubbing her faster.

RANDALL  
Do, you? Millie the Magnificent? I'm  
asking, do you? Really.

What the hell is he asking her? Is he serious? He sounds serious, but he's crazy. You can't believe anything he says. Besides, even if... forget it, it's all bullshit.

MILLIE  
What's the difference.

Millie grabs Randall's forearm and starts moving her hips, grinding herself against his hand.

86 EXT. STREET -- LATER

86

Millie, outside the car, through the open driver window.

MILLIE  
See you around, R-Mon. Thanks for  
the "ride" dude. Philip, take care.  
Don't write. Bye, George.

She tosses her folder through the back window.



MILLIE (CONT'D)

Here's your love poems, R-Mon. Enjoy.

She walks away.

87 INT. TOWN CAR -- DAY 87

Inside, Randall grabs the door handle, yanks it.

RANDALL

I'll get out here. Ciao!

PHILIP

Randall! Leave her alone...

Randall gets out with his thermos.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Fuck him, George. I'm done.

And they pull away from the curb.

88 EXT. STREET -- DAY 88

Randall watches Millie walking away fast. He takes a step, stops as Millie reaches her building, raises her middle finger to him without looking, then disappears inside.

89 INT. MILLIE'S APARTMENT -- DAY 89

Millie enters her apartment and closes the door. Tears slide down her cheeks. Hiding the fury underneath.

90 EXT. STREET -- DAY 90

Randall, deflated, turns away, looks around to see where he is, walks away, down the sidewalk, with his thermos.

91 EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT -- DAY 91

A motel parking lot, empty but for a lone car at the far end. Music pounds out from the unit.

92 INT. PR AGENT'S OFFICE -- DAY 92

Millie is in with Maude.

MILLIE

I can't find him.

MAUDE

Have you looked?

MILLIE

Fuck you, of course I've looked.

MAUDE

You can't do his column if he's gone.

MILLIE

He's not. I'll find him. I did something really stupid and he's hiding from me. I know it. He's upset.

MAUDE

He's supposed to be upset, then we fix it. Then he gets the girl back.

MILLIE

She's back with Stefan.

MAUDE

Stefan's a shit. Stefan will fuck up again and Randi will go back to R-Mon. Her true love.

MILLIE

You can't do that. It's not human.

MAUDE

It's as human as it gets. Hormones, Testosterone... cock and balls.

MILLIE

He's... you should leave him alone.

A long look at Millie.

MAUDE

No. Tell me you're not. Please.

MILLIE

I like him when he's sober, and goofy. Nobody else does. I hate him when he's R-Mon.

MAUDE

But, he's always R-Mon.

MILLIE

He doesn't have to be. He just needs to know it's okay to be him.

MAUDE

I should have known. Eggheads flock together, and fuck together.

MILLIE

You're insane. It's not about fucking.

MAUDE

Randi's addicted to sex. Randall's addicted to Randi. End of story.

Millie glares at her.

93 INT. MOTEL -- CONTINUOUS

93

At the front desk, a TV plays in the back, a game show. The PHONE rings. MANAGER appears from the back and answers it.

MANAGER

Oasis. Nah, I got nothing. Nope. One fucker rented the whole place. Don't know; he didn't say. Okay, see you next trip. Drive safe, brother.

94 INT. MOTEL -- CONTINUOUS

94

Inside a low-rent motel unit, a portable STEREO is cranked. A disheveled, flying Randall strides the room, dancing a dance unknown to mankind. H.S. GIRL sits on a MATTRESS propped against the bed. She's wasted, one hand around the neck of a VODKA BOTTLE, the other holding a burned out JOINT. She's wearing Randall's SHIRT, buttons in the wrong holes, and boy briefs. VODKA bottles adorn the room, along with cases of BEER and a giant COOLER. PILLS are on the dresser separated by color, with stacks of QUARTERS. On a table are LEGAL PADS, some covered in writing, and others untouched.

An ALARM CLOCK with a bell goes off. Loud, insistent. Randall turns it off, grabs some quarters, slips on his sunglasses, grabs a pill, then another. He goes to the door, opens it to a blinding sun. Looks back. H.S. Girl smiles.

95 INT. PR AGENT'S OFFICE -- DAY

95

Continuing the mini-standoff, Millie and Maude.

MAUDE

Philip says he tried to fuck you in the car. Does that sound like true love to you?

MILLIE

Philip talks too much. That wasn't Randall. That was R-Mon.

MAUDE

You should have done him when you had the chance. You didn't. You lose.

MILLIE

You're a disgusting bitch. You can't play with people like that.

Millie's truly upset, almost in tears.

MAUDE

Okay, stop. I can't watch a girl Ninja cry. I'm not as big a bitch as I seem, well almost. Find him. If his dick points to you, you win. I'll make it work, somehow.

MILLIE

I'll find him because I care about him, not his dick.

MAUDE

Well, that's original.

Millie spins and storms out.

96 EXT. MOTEL -- DAY 96

Randall puts quarters in a soda machine, waits as each drops. Punches his selection. Puts his ear to the machine to listen to the can drop. Takes it out with practiced care, pops the top, takes a long swallow. He gazes over at the swimming pool, filled with shimmering blue water. He wanders over and climbs up on the diving board, walks to the end. He looks down at the rippling surface and sees Randi, swimming naked, doing a lazy backstroke, looking up at him with a naughty grin. Randall spreads his arms and dives off.

97 EXT. MOTEL -- CONTINUOUS 97

H.S. Girl, in her boy briefs and Randall's shirt, slap-slaps up to the soda machine in her flip-flops. Looking for Randall. Sees he's not there, which is weird, turns and flip-flops, glassy-eyed, back toward the room.

98 EXT. MOTEL -- CONTINUOUS 98

Randall is crumpled at the bottom of the empty motel swimming pool, blood pooled around his head, soda can nearby. Eyes open. The hint of a smile on his face.

99 INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL -- DAY 99

Randi moves along an airport concourse, with Kortne. Kortne brushes her hand against the back of Randi's. Randi gives her a hint of a knowing smile, as they pass a book store. Randi stops, struck still. Stacked high and prominent on a table at the entrance, are copies of a book:

**THE MOTEL DIARIES** -- *The Last Words of Randall C. Timmons, Love Poet of Our Time. Collected and Edited by R. Millicent Potter.*

And a sticker on the cover: "New York Times Best Seller".

100 INT. AIRLINE CABIN -- DAY 100

Randi sits in first class, the open book in her lap. Kortne watches her. Randi's eyes are moist. She returns to the book.

RANDALL (O.S.)

I remain one ounce sane through the ceremony of the soda. The regularity, the regularity, the regularity. Dot, dot, dot. Vibrating particles, through the membrane of space time. Special time, not clock time. Universe time. Time of the cosmos, humming with precision of which we are not worthy. I set the honking clock at two hour intervals, lest I go too often and all blurs into one. Or too seldom, and miss the ceremony, the ritual, the can's pure flight. Blur, while often good, is not good in this.

101 EXT. MOTEL -- DAY 101

The Manager exits the motel office, looks toward Randall's room, the door open, music blaring. Heads down there.

RANDALL (V.O.)

The machine is perfection, predictable result from action, as it should be. The coins go in, rattle rattle down. Selection made, click, rumble, rumble, the can clambers down its trough of steel. Down and around it hurtles, definitely hurtling, not clambering, nay, hurtling down, until it thumps out, thump, blunk, clunk.

102 EXT. MOTEL POOL -- DAY 102

At the bottom of the pool, blood and soda have met, forming a murky river snaking toward the drain.

RANDALL (O.S.)

Laying in the gutter, waiting for the hand of... God? No, only me, or Tasty Treat, my delicious new friend. No God today, little can. Maybe God  
(MORE)

RANDALL (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
tomorrow. The promise religions sell,  
maybe God tomorrow. Today, I reach  
down, turn it sideways, slip it out.

103 EXT. MOTEL -- DAY

103

The Manager approaches the room, the music blaring.

RANDALL (O.S.)  
And if all should go to fuckable  
hell, Rico the cross-eyed manager  
fiddles and fixes. Opens machine  
with scalpel key. I don't take one  
when it's scalpelled open. I don't  
look when it's scalpelled open. I  
wait. Until the can is sleeping again,  
thinking God may come today. Rattle,  
blunk, clunk. Pop and fizz. Such a  
breeze. Twelve a day I drink of these.

104 EXT. MOTEL ROOM -- DAY

104

The Manager looks in the open door at H.S. Girl, sitting on  
the mattress, bottle of vodka in her hand, eyes vacant.

MANAGER  
Excuse me, miss, excuse me...

105 INT. MOTEL ROOM -- DAY

105

He enters, surveys the clutter. H.S. Girl watches from a  
parallel universe, as the Manager checks the room.

RANDALL (O.S.)  
And one for Tasty Treat, to repay  
her sweet gifts to me. Her two sweet  
mouths that welcome me. I race her  
thumping heartbeat. We may live here  
together, Tasty and the ache that is  
me. She barely speaks, my humpstress,  
but she screams, from the inside. I  
slide in, connect and listen, hear  
her soul beating. I coax the scream  
from her, slowly, then quickly, racing  
the scream up through her, always  
barely, barely losing the race. As  
her scream flies out, my eruption  
follows. I race as fast as I can, a  
race I win by losing.

106 INT. AIRLINE CABIN -- DAY

106

Randi stops reading.

RANDI

It's about that girl, from the high school. I used to tell him I couldn't keep my pants on when he talked like this. He's turning me on, Kort. Right now. And he's dead.

KORTNE

I guess I need to read that thing.

RANDI

I loved him wanting me all the time, saying those things to me. But I wasn't careful with him. I didn't take care of him. Stefan? Why did I do that? Because Randall didn't put me on his stupid visitor list? He was the only real thing in my life, Kort, and I killed him.

KORTNE

Randall had cracks in him long before you met him. If a bridge has cracks and collapses one day, it's not the fault of the cars that drive over it, even the last car or, in your case, the hottest car.

RANDI

Will you read it, when I'm through?

KORTNE

I have a copy. I couldn't open it.

Randi continues reading.

RANDALL (O.S.)

What am I doing here, aside from keeping tally of soda cans and copulatory eruptions? What of the space between these blessed events? What am I doing? I know, exactly. I must hide this page from Tasty lest she discount the lure of her delectable girl fruit.

107 INT. MOTEL ROOM -- DAY

107

The Manager checks the bathroom, turns down the stereo.

MANAGER

Miss. Where's your friend? Miss, are you alright? Look, I've got neighbors.

H S. Girl turns her head sleepily to him, offers him the bottle. He goes to the door, checks outside, closes it.

RANDALL (O.S.)

Much as the fruit of The Other, whose name I only this once will write, Randi. Peach-sweet fruit, with fuzz. Lady fur... her act of rebellion against "The Cosmo Crowd." Love-spun cotton candy on her gentle rise, cleft by her slit of soft, rolled flesh, always peach-sweet, and frisky, and ready for a frolic.

108 INT. AIRLINE CABIN -- CONTINUOUS

108

Randi, reads. Kortne watches.

RANDALL (O.S.)

But, back to the point of my point. I know precisely what I am doing. I can land my logic on a pin head ten galaxies away. I am exploring the space between the ME's. The ME in the ether - 4 ounces and more of shimmering glacial happiness - Judson Juice - and the ether of little friends - medicinal particles pressed into colored shapes that love me so. The space between the glorious ME in the ether, and the ME that stumbles and bumbles, shaking, clean and sober. Too clean... too sober... too bright, the light.

RANDI

Jeezus. I can't read this.

KORTNE

You have to. It's about you.

RANDI

I don't want to be a mess when we land. Does your nephew know we're coming to his party?

KORTNE

No. You're my big surprise present.

RANDI

With my clothes on?



KORTNE

It doesn't matter. He's going to immediately faint anyway.

RANDI

Maybe he'll just like me, you know?

KORTNE

He will, when he wakes up.

Randi smiles, returns to the pages.

RANDALL (O.S.)

Terrified by the fact of the universe. Not by the movement of atoms, but by the very existence of atoms. Terrified by the fact of life, much less the living of it. Terrified by the existence of ME. Frightened of the very fact of ME, a ghost to my own humanity. Clean and sober, cold sober. Cold and sober. In the bad place.

109 INT. MOTEL ROOM -- DAY

109

The Manager on his knees, takes the bottle, takes a swallow.

RANDALL (O.S.)

All is bliss, within the ether.

He hands the bottle back. H.S. Girl looks at him, blank, almost curious. He reaches for the buttons of her shirt.

110 EXT. MOTEL -- DAY

110

A car is parked sideways in front of the motel office. J. Walter exits the office, looks around.

RANDALL (O.S.)

But, no more. My heart is cracked open and all is spilled out onto the ground and soaked into the earth. When I summon the ether to fill my thumping brave heart and lift me up, to the other place, it cannot.

J. Walter wanders toward the swimming pool.

RANDALL (CONT'D)

No heart to fill. Once full, now not. A shell without seeds, cracked open, empty and brittle, where hope once lived. Dweeb-hope, nerd-hope,  
(MORE)

RANDALL (CONT'D)  
 acne-hope, glasses and braces hope,  
 all once lived, once upon a time.

111 INT. MOTEL ROOM -- DAY 111

H.S. Girl grasps the vodka bottle by the neck as the Manger gently parts her legs. She raises the bottle into the air. When he lowers his head, she brings the bottle crashing down.

112 EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT -- DAY 112

At the bottom of the swimming pool, a stream of dark blood runs from a covered Randall toward the drain. Two POLICE OFFICERS wait as EMS TECHS move in with a stretcher. NEWS TRUCKS are in the parking lot. TALKING HEADS talk into microphones before wide-eyed CAMERAS.

RANDALL (O.S.)  
 Now a place for the winos to sleep  
 and rats to scurry. Because wino's  
 don't care where they sleep, or about  
 anything. Wino's are just wino's who  
 drink wine and don't care and that's  
 the way God would have wanted it, if  
 there had been a God.

H.S. Girl sits in a chair, wrapped in a blanket, splattered with blood, tended by Loren. Philip and Millie stand apart. Millie's cheeks are tear-streaked black.

RANDALL (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Because, if you're a wino and you  
 care, then you are snatched into  
 awareness. From under the trestle  
 into the stark, raving light of  
 awareness. Like waking up in an  
 operation, and they're taking your  
 heart out - chest flayed open - ribs  
 pried apart.

J. Walter sits in a pool chair, alone. In the background, the Manager is wheeled out of the room. No hurry. No need.

RANDALL (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 You are supposed to be numb,  
 unknowing, fearless in the ether,  
 but there's been a terrible mistake...  
 the ether doesn't work.

113 INT. AIRLINE CABIN -- DAY 113

Randi reads the final lines on the page.

RANDALL (O.S.)  
 Ah, that is the rub, isn't it? What  
 do you do when you choose the ether...  
 and the ether doesn't work?

Randi closes the book as a tear escapes and snakes down her cheek. Kortne reaches up and wipes it away with a gentle finger. Randi's fingers slide over Randall's name.

RANDI  
 I never knew he had a middle name.  
 Initial "C". I wonder what it was?

KORTNE  
 Crazy?

RANDI  
 If it was, we'd be related.

KORTNE  
 We'd all be related.

RANDI  
 But which one of him was it?

KORTNE  
 Which one what?

RANDI  
 Which one was the crazy one?

Kortne takes Randi's hand. Randi smiles, puts her head back and closes her eyes, her hand over the book. A FLIGHT ATTENDANT approaches, hands Kortne a business card, nods across the aisle. A HANDSOME MAN by the window nods toward Randi and smiles an obvious question. Kortne raises the card, bites off a piece and, reclining her head, begins to chew.

114 INT. MILLIE'S APARTMENT -- DAY

114

Moving into a new apartment, Millie lifts a stack of legal pads tied with a ribbon. She unties the bow, slips the top pad from the stack, flips to the last page and reads, again:

RANDALL (O.S.)  
 Ah, that is the rub, isn't it? What  
 do you do when you choose the ether...  
 and the ether doesn't work?

She turns the page. In the middle of the page, surrounded by ink-drawn flowers from some other, fantasy universe, is written: "Millie. I like you. Randall."

BLACKOUT.